



The JOLLY BOOK
for
BOYS & GIRLS






John Oakley Doyle

Aug 1. 1922

From Dad

THE JOLLY BOOK
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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THE LADY SCHEHERAZADE RESUMES HER STORY

The Jolly Book For Boys and Girls

Selected, Edited, and Arranged
By Frances Jenkins Olcott
and Amena Pendleton

*With Illustrations by
Amy M. Sacker*



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PREFACE

THIS is not a collection of humour that every child should read whether he laugh or no; it is instead a volume of stories selected for their appeal to all kinds of youthful humorous tastes. Each selection is a complete story in itself, and contains something of lively interest to boys and girls.

The original stories are here; but uninteresting portions — from the boy-and-girl standpoint — are omitted, and some of the material is adapted to its present use. Also parts of stories scattered through chapters of the original books are here assembled and formed into delightful wholes.

Wit, wisdom, and waggishness, grotesque descriptions, extravagances, exaggerations, related with that solemnity so delightful to most children, are all here.

Stories like *Gulliver's Travels* are left out because they appeal to children as wonder-stories, not humour; and a few important selections are omitted as it is not possible to get the necessary permissions for their use. Grown people may miss some of their favourite selections, but these are absent because they either do not interest children, or are too long for inclusion, or do not form complete stories.

A wide range of authors is drawn on. Among the authors are Shakespeare, Cervantes, Le Sage, Daudet, Goldsmith, Lover, Dr. Maginn, Dr. Warren, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Lewis Carroll; also our American authors, Irving, Poe, Holmes, Warner, Aldrich, and others. English, Irish, Norse, Arabian, and American-Negro folk-tales contribute also to these pages.

It is hoped that the reading-appetite of the boys and girls enjoying these stories may be so stimulated that the young folk will ask for more, and be led to read the books from which the stories are taken.

THE EDITORS.

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THE editors' thanks are due to the following publishers who have permitted the publication of their stories in this volume: —

To Doubleday, Page & Company for permission to use "Conal and Donal and Taig" and "Jack and the King who was a Gentleman," by Seumas MacManus.

To G. P. Putnam's Sons, for permission to use "Taper Tom," by P. C. Absjörnsen, and "Master of All Masters," by Joseph Jacobs.

To Houghton Mifflin Company, for permission to use selections from the following: *The Story of a Bad Boy*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; *The Peterkin Papers*, by Lucretia P. Hale; *The Children's Book*, by Horace E. Scudder; *In the Wilderness*, by Charles Dudley Warner; *Nights With Uncle Remus*, by Joel Chandler Harris; and Hans Andersen's *Wonder Stories told for Children and Stories and Tales*.

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1

A Warning
to
all Merry Readers

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

*I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.*

*They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.*

*I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!*

*“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
“There’ll be the devil to pay.”*

*He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.*

*He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.*

*The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.*

*Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Jolly Book
For Boys and Girls

STORIES OF WIT, WISDOM, AND
WAGGISHNESS

The Jolly Book For Boys and Girls

CONAL AND DONAL AND TAIG

IRISH FOLK-TALE

ONCE there were three brothers named Conal, Donal, and Taig, and they fell out regarding which of them owned a field of land. One of them had as good a claim to it as the other, and the claims of all of them were so equal that none of the judges, whomsoever they went before, could decide in favour of one more than the other.

At length they went to one judge who was very wise indeed and had a great name, and every one of them stated his case to him.

He sat on the bench, and heard Conal's case and Donal's case and Taig's case all through, with very great patience. When the three of them had finished, he said he would take a day and a night to think it all over; and on the day after, when they were all called into court again, the Judge said that he had weighed the evidence on all sides, with all the deliberation it was possible to give it, and he had decided that one of them

had n't the shadow of a shade of a claim more than the others, so that he found himself facing the greatest puzzle he had ever faced in his life.

"But," says he, "no puzzle puzzles me long. I'll very soon decide which of you will get the field. You seem to me to be three pretty lazy-looking fellows, and I'll give the field to whichever of the three of you is the laziest."

"Well, at that rate," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I'm the laziest man of the lot."

"How lazy are you?" says the Judge.

"Well," says Conal, "if I was lying in the middle of the road, and there was a regiment of troopers come galloping down it, I'd sooner let them ride over me than take the bother of getting up and going to the one side."

"Well, well," says the Judge, says he, "you are a lazy man surely, and I doubt if Donal or Taig can be as lazy as that."

"Oh, faith," says Donal, "I'm just every bit as lazy."

"Are you?" says the Judge. "How lazy are you?"

"Well," says Donal, "if I was sitting right close to a big fire, and you piled on it all the turf in a townland and all the wood in a barony, sooner than have to move I'd sit there till the boiling marrow would run out of my bones."

"Well," says the Judge, "you're a pretty lazy

man, Donal, and I doubt if Taig is as lazy as either of you."

"Indeed, then," says Taig, "I'm every bit as lazy."

"How can that be?" says the Judge.

"Well," says Taig, "if I was lying on the broad of my back in the middle of the floor and looking up at the rafters, and if soot drops were falling as thick as hailstones from the rafters into my open eyes, I would let them drop there for the length of the lee-long day sooner than take the bother of closing the eyes."

"Well," says the Judge, "that's very wonderful entirely, and," says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as before, for I see you are the three laziest men that ever were known since the world began, and which of you is the laziest it certainly beats me to say. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the Judge, "I'll give the field to the oldest man of you."

"Then," says Conal, "it's me gets the field."

"How is that?" says the Judge; "how old are you?"

"Well, I'm that old," says Conal, "that when I was twenty-one years of age I got a shipload of awls and never lost nor broke one of them, and I wore out the last of them yesterday mending my shoes."

"Well, well," says the Judge, says he, "you're

surely an old man, and I doubt very much that Donal and Taig can catch up to you."

"Can't I?" says Donal; "take care of that."

"Why," says the Judge, "how old are you?"

"When I was twenty-one years of age," says Donal, "I got a shipload of needles, and yesterday I wore out the last of them mending my clothes."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he, "you're two very, very old men, to be sure, and I'm afraid poor Taig is out of his chance anyhow."

"Take care of that," says Taig.

"Why," says the Judge, "how old are you, Taig?"

Says Taig, "When I was twenty-one years of age I got a shipload of razors, and yesterday I had the last of them worn to a stump shaving myself."

"Well," says the Judge, says he, "I've often heard tell of old men," he says, "but anything as old as what you three are never was known since Methusalem's cat died. The like of your ages," he says, "I never heard tell of, and which of you is the oldest, that surely beats me to decide, and I'm in a quandary again. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the Judge, says he, "I'll give the field to whichever of you minds [remembers] the longest."

"Well, if that's it," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I mind the time when if a man tramped on a cat he use n't to give it a kick to console it."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, "that must be a long mind entirely; and I'm afraid, Conal, you have the field."

"Not so quick," says Donal, says he, "for I mind the time when a woman would n't speak an ill word of her best friend."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, "your memory, Donal, must certainly be a very wonderful one, if you can mind that time. Taig," says the Judge, says he, "I'm afraid your memory can't compare with Conal's and Donal's."

"Can't it," says Taig, says he. "Take care of that, for I mind the time when you would n't find nine liars in a crowd of ten men."

"Oh, oh, oh!" says the Judge, says he, "that memory of yours, Taig, must be a wonderful one." Says he: "Such memories as you three men have were never known before, and which of you has the greatest memory it beats me to say. But I'll tell you what I'll do now," says he; "I'll give the field to whichever of you has the keenest sight."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "it's me gets the field; because," says he, "if there was a fly perched on the top of yon mountain, ten miles away, I could tell you every time he blinked."

"You have wonderful sight, Conal," says the Judge, says he, "and I'm afraid you've got the field."

"Take care," says Donal, says he, "but I've got as good. For I could tell you whether it was a mote in his eye that made him blink or not."

"Ah, ha, ha!" says the Judge, says he, "this is wonderful sight surely. Taig," says he, "I pity you, for you have no chance for the field now."

"Have I not?" says Taig. "I could tell you from here whether that fly was in good health or not by counting his heart-beats."

"Well, well, well!" says the Judge, says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as ever. You are three of the most wonderful men that ever I met, and no mistake. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says he; "I'll give the field to the supplest man of you."

"Thank you," says Conal. "Then the field is mine."

"Why so?" says the Judge.

"Because," says Conal, says he, "if you filled that field with hares, and put a dog in the middle of them, and then tied one of my legs up my back, I would not let one of the hares get out."

"Then, Conal," says the Judge, says he, "I think the field is yours."

"By the leave of your Judgeship, not yet," says Donal.

"Why, Donal," says the Judge, says he, "surely you are not as supple as that?"

"Am I not?" says Donal. "Do you see that

old castle over there without door, or window, or roof in it, and the wind blowing in and out through it like an iron gate?"

"I do," says the Judge. "What about that?"

"Well," says Donal, says he, "if on the stormiest day of the year you had that castle filled with feathers, I would not let a feather be lost, or go ten yards from the castle until I had caught and put it in again."

"Well, surely," says the Judge, says he, "you are a supple man, Donal, and no mistake. Taig," says he, "there's no chance for you now."

"Don't be too sure," says Taig, says he.

"Why," says the Judge, "you could n't surely do anything to equal these things, Taig?"

Says Taig, says he: "I can shoe the swiftest race-horse in the land when he is galloping at his topmost speed, by driving a nail every time he lifts his foot."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he, "surely you are the three most wonderful men that ever I did meet. The likes of you never was known before, and I suppose the likes of you will never be on the earth again. There is only one other trial," says he, "and if this does n't decide, I'll have to give it up. I'll give the field," says he, "to the cleverest man amongst you."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "you may as well give it to me at once."

"Why? Are you that clever, Conal?" says the Judge, says he.

"I am that clever," says Conal, "I am that clever, that I would make a skin-fit suit of clothes for a man without any more measurement than to tell me the colour of his hair."

"Then, boys," says the Judge, says he, "I think the case is decided."

"Not so quick, my friend," says Donal, "not so quick."

"Why, Donal," says the Judge, says he, "you are surely not cleverer than that?"

"Am I not?" says Donal.

"Why," says the Judge, says he, "what can you do, Donal?"

"Why," says Donal, says he, "I would make a skin-fit suit for a man and give me no more measurement than let me hear him cough."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he, "the cleverness of you two boys beats all I ever heard of. Taig," says he, "poor Taig, whatever chance either of these two may have for the field, I'm very, very sorry for you, for you have no chance."

"Don't be so very sure of that," says Taig, says he.

"Why," says the Judge, says he, "surely, Taig, you can't be as clever as either of them. How clever are you, Taig?"

"Well," says Taig, says he, "if I was a Judge, and too stupid to decide a case that came up before me, I'd be that clever that I'd look wise and give some decision."

"Taig," says the Judge, says he, "I've gone into this case and deliberated upon it, and by all the laws of right and justice, I find and decide that you get the field."

SEUMAS MACMANUS, *Donegal Fairy Stories*.¹

THE SQUIRE'S BRIDE

NORSE FOLK-TALE

ONCE upon a time there was a rich Squire who owned a large farm, and had plenty of silver at the bottom of his chest and money in the bank besides; but he felt there was something wanting, for he was a widower.

One day the daughter of a neighbouring farmer was working for him in the hayfield. The Squire saw her and liked her very much, and as she was a child of poor parents, he thought, if he only hinted that he wanted her, she would be ready to marry him at once.

So he told her he had been thinking of getting married again.

"Ay! one may think of many things," said the girl, laughing slyly. In her opinion the old fellow

¹ By permission of Doubleday, Page & Company.

ought to be thinking of something that behooved him better than getting married.

"Well, you see, I thought that you should be my wife!"

"No, thank you all the same," said she, "that's not at all likely."

The Squire was not accustomed to be gainsaid, and the more she refused him the more determined he was to get her.

But as he made no progress in her favour, he sent for her father and told him that if he could arrange the matter with his daughter he would forgive him the money he had lent him, and he would also give him the piece of land which lay close to his meadow into the bargain.

"Yes, you may be sure I'll bring my daughter to her senses," said the father. "She is only a child, and she does n't know what's best for her." But all his coaxing and talking did not help matters. She would not have the Squire, she said, if he sat buried in gold up to his ears.

The Squire waited day after day, but at last he became so angry and impatient that he told the father, if he expected him to stand by his promise, he would have to put his foot down and settle the matter now, for he would not wait any longer.

The man knew no other way out of it, but to let the Squire get everything ready for the wedding; and when the parson and the wedding guests had

arrived the Squire should send for the girl as if she were wanted for some work on the farm. When she arrived she would have to be married right away, so that she would have no time to think it over.

The Squire thought this was well and good and so he began brewing and baking and getting ready for the wedding in grand style. When the guests had arrived the Squire called one of his farm lads and told him to run down to his neighbour and ask him to send him what he had promised.

"But if you are not back in a twinkling," he said shaking his fist at him, "I'll —"

He did not say more, for the lad ran off as if he had been shot at.

"My master has sent me to ask for what you promised him," said the lad, when he got to the neighbour, "but there is no time to be lost, for he is terribly busy to-day."

"Yes, yes! Run down into the meadow and take her with you. There she goes!" answered the neighbour.

The lad ran off and when he came to the meadow he found the daughter there raking the hay.

"I am to fetch what your father has promised my master," said the lad.

"Ah, ha!" thought she. "Is that what they are up to?"

"Ah, indeed!" she said. "I suppose it's that

little bay mare of ours. You had better go and take her. She stands there tethered on the other side of the peasefield," said the girl.

The boy jumped on the back of the bay mare and rode home at full gallop.

"Have you got her with you?" asked the Squire.

"She is down at the door," said the lad.

"Take her up to the room my mother had," said the Squire.

"But, master, how can that be managed?" said the lad.

"You must do just as I tell you," said the Squire. "If you cannot manage her alone you must get the men to help you," for he thought the girl might turn obstreperous.

When the lad saw his master's face he knew it would be no use to gainsay him. So he went and got all the farm-tenants, who were there, to help him. Some pulled at the head and the forelegs of the mare and others pushed from behind, and at last they got her up the stairs and into the room. There lay all the wedding finery ready.

"Now, that's done, master!" said the lad; "but it was a terrible job. It was the worst I have ever had here on the farm."

"Never mind, you shall not have done it for nothing," said his master. "Now send the women up to dress her."

"But I say, master — " said the lad.

"None of your talk!" said the Squire. "Tell them they must dress her and mind and not forget either wreath or crown."

The lad ran into the kitchen.

"Look here, lasses," he said; "you must go upstairs and dress up the bay mare as bride. I expect the master wants to give the guests a laugh."

The women dressed the bay mare in everything that was there, and then the lad went and told his master that now she was ready dressed, with wreath and crown and all.

"Very well, bring her down!" said the Squire.

"I will receive her myself at the door," said he.

There was a terrible clatter on the stairs; for that bride, you know, had no silken shoes on.

When the door was opened and the Squire's bride entered the parlour you can imagine there was a good deal of tittering and grinning.

And as for the Squire you may be sure he had had enough of that bride, and they say he never went courting again.

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN,
Fairy Tales from the Far North.

GUDBRAND ON THE HILLSIDE

NORSE FOLK-TALE

THERE was once upon a time a man whose name was Gudbrand. He had a farm which lay far away up on the side of a hill, and therefore they called him Gudbrand on the Hillside.

He and his wife lived so happily together, and agreed so well, that whatever the man did the wife thought it so well done that no one could do it better. No matter what he did, she thought it was always the right thing.

They lived on their own farm, and had a hundred dollars at the bottom of their chest and two cows in their cowshed. One day the woman said to Gudbrand: —

“I think we ought to go to town with one of the cows and sell it, so that we may have some ready money by us. We are pretty well off, and ought to have a few shillings in our pocket like other people. The hundred dollars in the chest we must n’t touch, but I can’t see what we want with more than one cow. It will be much better for us to sell one as I shall then have only one to look after instead of the two I have now to mind and feed.”

Yes, Gudbrand thought, that was well and sensibly spoken. He took the cow at once and went

to town to sell it; but when he got there no one would buy the cow.

"Ah, well!" thought Gudbrand, "I may as well take the cow home again. I know I have both stall and food for it, and the way home is no longer than it was here." So he strolled homeward again with the cow.

When he had got a bit on the way he met a man who had a horse to sell, and Gudbrand thought it was better to have a horse than a cow, and so he changed the cow for the horse.

When he had gone a bit further he met a man who was driving a fat pig before him, and then he thought it would be better to have a fat pig than a horse, and so he changed with the man.

He now went a bit further, and then he met a man with a goat, and, as he thought it was surely better to have a goat than a pig, he changed with the man who had the goat.

Then he went a long way, till he met a man who had a sheep; he changed with him, for he thought it was always better to have a sheep than a goat.

When he had got a bit further he met a man with a goose, and so he changed the sheep for the goose. And when he had gone a long, long way he met a man with a cock; he changed the goose with him, for he thought, "It is surely better to have a cock than a goose."

He walked on till late in the day, when he began

to feel hungry. So he sold the cock for sixpence and bought some food for himself.

"For it is always better to keep body and soul together than to have a cock," thought Gudbrand.

He then set off again homeward till he came to his neighbour's farm and there he went in.

"How did you get on in town?" asked the people.

"Oh, only so-so," said the man; "I can't boast of my luck, nor can I grumble at it either." And then he told them how it had gone with him from first to last.

"Well, you'll have a fine reception when you get home to your wife," said his neighbour. "Heaven help you! I should not like to be in your place."

"I think I might have fared much worse," said Gudbrand; "but whether I have fared well or ill, I have such a kind wife that she never says anything, no matter what I do."

"Aye, so you say; but you won't get me to believe it," said the neighbour.

"Shall we have a wager on it?" said Gudbrand. "I have a hundred dollars in my chest at home; will you lay the same?"

So they made the wager and Gudbrand remained there till the evening, when it began to get dark, and then they went together to the farm.

The neighbour was to remain outside the door and listen, while Gudbrand went in to his wife.

"Good evening!" said Gudbrand when he came in.

"Good evening!" said the wife. "Heaven be praised you are back again."

"Yes, here I am!" said the man. And then the wife asked him how he had got on in town.

"Oh, so-so," answered Gudbrand; "not much to brag of. When I came to town no one would buy the cow, so I changed it for a horse."

"Oh, I'm so glad of that," said the woman; "we are pretty well off and we ought to drive to church like other people, and when we can afford to keep a horse I don't see why we should not have one. Run out, children, and put the horse in the stable."

"Well, I have n't got the horse after all," said Gudbrand; "for when I had got a bit on the way I changed it for a pig."

"Dear me!" cried the woman, "that's the very thing I should have done myself. I'm so glad of that, for now we can have some bacon in the house and something to offer people when they come to see us. What do we want with a horse? People would only say we had become so grand that we could no longer walk to church. Run out, children, and let the pig in."

"But I have n't got the pig either," said Gud-

brand, "for when I had got a bit further on the road I changed it for a milch goat."

"Dear! dear! how well you manage everything!" cried the wife. "When I really come to think of it, what do I want with the pig? People would only say, 'over yonder they eat up everything they have.' No, now I have a goat I can have both milk and cheese and keep the goat into the bargain. Let in the goat, children."

"But I have n't got the goat either," said Gudbrand; "when I got a bit on the way I changed the goat and got a fine sheep for it."

"Well!" shouted the woman, "you do everything just as I should wish it — just as if I had been there myself. What do we want with a goat? I should have to climb up hill and down dale to get it home at night. No, when I have a sheep I can have wool and clothes in the house, and food as well. Run out, children, and let in the sheep."

"But I have n't got the sheep any longer," said Gudbrand, "for when I had got a bit on the way I changed it for a goose."

"Well, thank you for that!" said the woman; "and many thanks too! What do I want with a sheep? I have neither wheel nor spindle, and I do not care either to toil and drudge making clothes; we can buy clothes now as before. Now I can have goose-fat, which I have so long been

wishing for, and some feathers to stuff that little pillow of mine. Run, children, and let in the goose."

"Well, I have n't got the goose either," said Gudbrand. "When I got a bit further on the way I changed it for a cock."

"Well, I don't know how you can think of it all!" cried the woman. "It's just as if I had done it all myself. — A cock! Why, it's just the same as if you'd bought an eight-day clock, for every morning the cock will crow at four, so we can be up in good time. What do we want with a goose? I can't make goose-fat and I can easily fill my pillow with some soft grass. Run, children, and let in the cock."

"But I have n't got a cock either," said Gudbrand, "for when I had got a bit further I became so terribly hungry I had to sell the cock for sixpence and get some food to keep body and soul together."

"Heaven be praised you did that!" cried the woman. "Whatever you do, you always do the very thing I could have wished. Besides, what did we want with the cock? We are our own masters and can lie as long as we like in the mornings. Heaven be praised! As long as I have got you back again, who manage everything so well, I shall neither want cock, nor goose, nor pig, nor cow."

Gudbrand then opened the door. "Have I won the hundred dollars now?" he asked. And the neighbour was obliged to confess that he had.

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN,
Fairy Tales from the Far North.

MASTER OF ALL MASTERS

ENGLISH FOLK-TALE

A GIRL once went to the fair to hire herself for a servant. At last a funny-looking old gentleman engaged her, and took her home to his house. When she got there, he told her that he had something to teach her, for that in his house he had his own names for things.

He said to her, "What will you call me?"

"Master, or Mister, or whatever you please, sir," says she.

He said, "You must call me 'master of all masters.' And what would you call this?" pointing to his bed.

"Bed or couch, or whatever you please, sir."

"No, that's my 'barnacle.' And what do you call these?" said he pointing to his pantaloons.

"Breeches or trousers, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call them 'squibs and crackers.' And what would you call her?" pointing to the cat.

"Cat or kit, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call her 'white-faced simminy.' And this now," showing the fire, "what would you call this?"

"Fire or flame, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call it 'hot cockalorum,' and what this?" he went on, pointing to the water.

"Water or wet, or whatever you please, sir."

"No, 'pondalorum' is its name. And what do you call all this?" asked he as he pointed to the house.

"House or cottage, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call it 'high topper mountain.'"

That very night the servant woke her master up in a fright and said, "Master of all masters, get out of your barnacle and put on your squibs an' crackers. For white-faced simminy has got a spark of hot cockalorum on its tail, and unless you get some pondalorum high topper mountain will be all on hot cockalorum." . . . That's all.

JOSEPH JACOBS, *English Fairy Tales*.

JACK AND THE KING WHO WAS A GENTLEMAN

IRISH FOLK-TALE

WELL, childre, wanst upon a time, when pigs was swine, there was a poor widdy woman lived all alone with her wan son Jack in a wee hut of a house, that on a dark night ye might aisily walk

over it by mistake, not knowin' at all, at all, it was there, barrin' ye'd happen to strike yer toe again' it.

An' Jack an' his mother lived for lee an' long, as happy as hard times would allow them, in this wee hut of a house, Jack sthrivin' to 'arn a little support for them both by workin' out, an' doin' wee turns back an' forrid to the neighbours.

But there was one winter, an' times come to look black enough for them — nothin' to do, an' less to ate, an' clothe themselves as best they might. An' the winther wore on, gettin' harder an' harder, till at length when Jack got up out of his bed on a mornin', an' axed his mother to make ready the drop of stirabout for their little brakwus as usual.

"Musha, Jack," says his mother, says she, "the male-chist — thanks be to the Lord! — is as empty as Paddy Ruadh's donkey that used to ate his brakwus at supper-time. It stood out long an' well, but it's empty at last, Jack, an' no sign of how we're goin' to get it filled again — only we trust in the good Lord that niver yet disarted the widow and the orphan — He'll not see us wantin', Jack."

"The Lord helps them that help themselves, mother," says Jack back again to her.

"Thru for ye, Jack," says she, "but I don't see how we're goin' to help ourselves."

“He’s a mortal dead mule out an’ out that has n’t a kick in him,” says Jack. “An’, mother, with the help of Providence — not comparin’ the Christian to the brute baste — I have a kick in me yet; if you thought ye could only manage to sthrive along the best way you could for a week, or maybe two weeks, till I get back again off a little journey I’d like to undhertake.”

“An’ may I make bould to ax, Jack,” says his mother to him, “where would ye be afther makin’ the little journey to?”

“You may that, then, mother,” says Jack. “It’s this: You know the King of Munsther is a great jintleman entirely. It’s put on him he’s so jintlemanly that he was niver yet known to make use of a wrong or disrespectable word. An’ he prides himself on it so much that he has sent word over all the known airth that he’ll give his beautiful daughter — the loveliest picthur in all Munsther, an’ maybe in all Irelan’, if we’d say it — an’ her weight in goold, to any man that in three trials will make him use the unrespectful word, an’ say, ‘Ye’re a liar!’

“But every man that tries him, an’ fails, loses his head. All sorts and descriptions of people, from prences an’ peers down to bagmen an’ beggars, have come from all parts of the known world to thry for the great prize, an’ all of them up to this has failed, an’ by consequence lost their heads.

"But, mother dear," says Jack, "where's the use in a head to a man if he can't get male for it to ate? So I'm goin' to thry me fortune, only axin' your blissin' an' God's blissin' to help me on the way."

"Why, Jack," says his mother, "it's a dangerous task; but as you remark, where's the good of the head to ye when ye can't get male to put in it? So, I give ye my blissin', an' night, noon, an' mornin' I'll be prayin' for ye to prosper."

An' Jack set out, with his heart as light as his stomach, an' his pocket as light as them both together; but a man 'ill not travel far in ould Irelan' (thanks be to God!) on the bare-footed stomach — as we'll call it — or it'll be his own fault if he does; an' Jack did n't want for plenty of first-class aitin' an' dhrinkin' lashin's an' laivin's, an' pressin' him to more.

An' in this way he thravelled away afore him for five long days till he come to the King of Munsther's castle. And when he was comed there he rattled on the gate, an' out come the King.

"Well, me man," says the King, "what might be your business here?"

"I'm come here, your Kingship," says Jack, mighty polite, an' pullin' his forelock, — be rai-son his poor ould mother had always instructed him in the heighth of good breedin' — "I'm come



OUT CAME THE KING

here, your R'yal Highness," says Jack, "to thry for yer daughter."

"Hum!" says the King. "Me good young man," says he, "don't ye think it a poor thing to lose yer head?"

"If I lose it," says Jack, "sure one consolation 'ill be that I'll lose it in a glorious cause."

An' who do ye think would be listenin' to this same deludherin' speech of Jack's, from over the wall, but the King's beautiful daughter herself. She took an eyeful out of Jack, an' right well plaised she was with his appearance, for —

"Father," says she at once, "has n't the boy as good a right to get a chance as another? What's his head to you? Let the boy in," says she.

An' sure enough, without another word, the King took Jack within the gates, an' handin' him over to the sarvints, tould him to be well looked afther an' cared for till mornin'.

Next mornin' the King took Jack with him an' fetched him out into the yard.

"Now then, Jack," says he, "we're goin' to begin. We'll drop into the stables here, an' I'll give you your first chance."

So he took Jack into the stables an' showed him some wondherful big horses, the likes of which poor Jack never saw afore, an' everyone of which was the heighth of the side wall of the castle an' could step over the castle walls, which were

twenty-five feet high, without strainin' themselves.

"Them's purty big horses, Jack," says the King. "I don't suppose ever ye saw as big or as wondherful as them in yer life."

"Oh, they're purty big indeed," says Jack, takin' it as cool as if there was nothin' whatsoever astonishin' to him about them. "They're purty big indeed," says Jack, "*for this counthry*. But at home with us in Donegal we'd only count them little nags, shootable for the young ladies to dhrive in pony-carriages."

"What!" says the King, "do ye mane to tell me ye have seen bigger in Donegal?"

"Bigger!" says Jack. "Phew! Blood alive, yer Kingship, I seen horses in my father's stable that could step over your horses without thrip-pin'. My father owned one big horse—the greatest, I believe, in the world again."

"What was he like?" says the King.

"Well, yer Highness," says Jack, "it's quite beyond me to tell ye what he was like. But I know when we wanted to mount, it could only be done by means of a step-laddher with nine hundred and ninety steps to it, every step a mile high, an' you had to jump seven mile off the topmost step to get on his back. He ate nine ton of turnips, nine ton of oats, an' nine ton of hay in the day, an' it took ninety-nine men in the day-time, an'

ninety-nine more in the night-time, carryin' his feeds to him; an' when he wanted a drink, the ninety-nine men had to lead him to a lough that was nine mile long, nine mile broad, an' nine mile deep, an' he used to drink it dry every time," says Jack, an' then he looked at the King, expectin' he'd surely have to make a liar of him for that.

But the King only smiled at Jack, an' says he, "Jack, that was a wonderful horse entirely, an' no mistake."

Then he took Jack with him out into the garden for his second trial, an' showed him a beek-skep the size of the biggest rick of hay ever Jack had seen; an' every bee in the skep was the size of a thrush, an' the queeny bee as big as a jackdaw.

"Jack," says the King, says he, "is n't them wondherful bees? I'll warrant ye, ye never saw anything like them."

"Oh, they're middlin' — middlin' fairish," says Jack — "*for this counthry*. But they're nothin' at all to the bees we have in Donegal. If one of our bees was flying across the fields," says Jack, "and one of your bees happened to come in its way, an' fall into our bee's eye, our bee would fly to the skep, an' ax another bee to take the mote out of his eye."

"Do you tell me so, Jack?" says the King. "You must have great monsther's of bees."

"Monsther's," says Jack. "Ah, yer Highness,

monsther is no name for some of them. I remember," says Jack, says he, "a mighty great breed of bees me father owned. They were that big that when my father's new castle was a-buildin' (in the steddin' of the old one which he consaived to be too small for a man of his mains), and when the workmen closed in the roof, it was found there was a bee inside, an' the hall door not bein' wide enough, they had to toss the side wall to let it out.

"Then the queeny bee — ah! she was a wonderful baste entirely!" says Jack. "Whenever she went out to take the air she used to overturn all the ditches and hedges in the country; the wind of her wings tossed houses and castles; she used to swallow whole flower-gardens. An' one day she flew against a ridge of mountains nineteen thousand feet high and knocked a piece out from top to bottom, an' it's called Barnesmore Gap to this day.

"This queeny bee was a great trouble an' annoyance to my father, seein' all the harm she done the naybours round about. Once she took it in her head to fly over to England, an' she created such mischief an' disolation there that the King of Englan' wrote over to my father if he did n't come immaidiately an' take home his queeny bee, that was wrackin' an' ruinin' all afore her, he'd come over himself at the head of all his army and wipe my father off the face of the airth.

“So my father ordhered me to mount our wondherful big horse that I tould ye about, an’ that could go nineteen mile at every step, an’ go over to Englan’ an’ bring home our queeny bee. An’ I mounted the horse an’ started, an’ when I come as far as the sea I had to cross to get over to Englan’, I put the horse’s two fore feet into my hat, an’ in that way he thrashed the sea dry all the way across an’ landed me safely.

“When I come to the King of Englan’ he had to supply me with nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand men, an’ ninety-nine thousand mile of chains an’ ropes to catch the queeny bee an’ bind her. It took us nine years to catch her, nine more to tie her, an’ nine years an’ nine millions of men to drag her home; an’ the King of Englan’ was a beggar afther from that day till the day of his death. Now what do ye think of that bee?” says Jack, thinkin’ he had the King this time sure enough.

But the King was a cuter one than Jack took him for, an’ he only smiled again, an’ says he: —

“Well, Jack, that was a wondherful great queeny bee entirely.”

Next, for poor Jack’s third an’ last chance, the King took him to show him a wondherful field of beans he had, with every bean-stalk fifteen feet high an’ every bean the size of a goose’s egg.

“Well, Jack,” says the King, says he, “I’ll en-

gage ye never saw more wondherful bean-stalks than them?"

"Is it them?" says Jack. "Arrah, man, yer Kingship," says he, "they may be very good — *for this counthry* ; but sure we'd throw them out of the ground for useless afther-shoots in Donegal. I mind one bean-stalk in partickler, that my father had for a show an' a cur'osity, that he used to show as a great wondher entirely to sthrangers. It stood on ninety-nine acres of ground, it was nine hundred mile high, an' every leaf covered nine acres. It fed nine thousand horses, nine thousand mules, an' nine thousand jackasses for nineteen years.

"He used to send nine thousand harvestmen up the stalk in spring to cut and gather off the soft branches at the top. They used to cut these off when they'd reach up as far as them (which was always in the harvest time), an' throw them down; an' nine hundred and ninety-nine horses an' carts were kept busy for nine months cartin' the stuff away. Then the harvestmen always reached down to the foot of the stalk at Christmas agin."

"Faix, Jack," says the King, "it was a wondherful bean-stalk, that, entirely."

"You might say that," says Jack, trying to make the most of it, for he was now on his last leg. "You might say that," says he. "Why, I mind one year I went up the stalk with the harvestmen,

an' when I was nine thousand mile up, does n't I miss my foot, and down I come. I fell feet foremost, and sunk up to my chin in a whinstone rock that was at the foot.

"There I was in a quandhary — but I was not long ruminatin' till I hauled out my knife, an' cut off my head, an' sent it home to look for help. I watched after it, as it went away, an' lo an' behold ye, afore it had gone half a mile I saw a fox set on it, and begin to worry it.

"'By this an' by that,' says I to meself, 'but this is too bad!' — an' I jumped out an' away as hard as I could run, to the assistance of my head. An' when I come up, I lifted my foot, an' give the fox three kicks, an' knocked three kings out of him — every one of them a nicer an' a better jintleman than you."

"Ye're a liar, an' a rascally liar," says the King.

"More power to ye!" says Jack, givin' three buck leaps clean into the air, "an' it's proud I am to get you to confess it; for I have won yer daughter."

Right enough the King had to give up to Jack the daughter — an' be the same token, from the first time she clapped her two eyes on Jack she was n't the girl to gainsay him — an' her weight in goold.

An' they were both of them marrid, an' had such a weddin' as surpassed all the weddin's ever

was heerd tell of afore or since in that country or in this. An' Jack lost no time in sendin' for his poor ould mother, an' neither herself nor Jack ever after knew what it was to be in want. An' may you an' I never know that same naither.

SEUMAS MACMANUS, *In Chimney Corners*.¹

LIMESTONE BROTH

OLD FABLE

IN Ireland long ago there was a man named O'Leary. He once went about the country, in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by cutting hair, or setting razhurs and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way.

Well an' good — he was one day walking alone in the mountains of Kerry, without a ha'p'ny in his pocket (for though he travelled afoot, it cost him more than he earned), an' knowing there was but little love for a County Limerick man in the place where he was, an' being half perished with the hunger, an' evening drawing nigh, he did n't know well what to do with himself till morning.

Very good — he went along the wild road, an' if he did, he soon see a farmhouse at a little distance, o' one side — a snug-looking place, with the smoke curling up out of the chimney, an' all tokens of good living inside.

¹ By permission of Doubleday Page & Company.

Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think did O'Leary do? He would n't beg, (a thing one of his people never done yet, thank heaven!) an' he had n't the money to buy a thing; so what does he do? He takes up a couple o' the big limestones that were lying on the road, in his two hands, an' away with him to the house.

"Good health to all here!" says he walken' in the doore.

"And you kindly," says they.

"I'm come to you," says he, looking at the two limestones, "to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire, until I'll make my dinner?"

"Limestone broth!" says they to him again; "what's that, *eroo*?"

"Broth made o' limestone," says he, "what else?"

"We never heard of such a thing," says they.

"Why, then, you may hear it now," says he, "an' see it also, if you'll gi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' soft wather."

"You can have it an' welcome," says they.

So they put down the pot an' the wather, an' O'Leary went over an' tuk a chair hard-by the pleasant fire for himself, an' put down his two limestones to boil, an' kep' stirring them round like stirabout. Very good — well, by-an'-by, when the

wather began to boil — “’T is thickening finely,” says O’Leary; “now if it had a grain o’ salt at all, ’t would be a great improvement to it.”

“Raich down the salt-box, Nell,” says the man o’ the house to his wife.

So she did.

“O! that’s the very thing just,” says O’Leary, shaking some of it into the pot.

So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an’-by, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an’ tastes it.

“It is very good now,” says he, “although it wants something yet.”

“What is it?” says they. !

“Oyeh, wisha, nothing,” says he; “maybe ’t is only fancy o’ me.”

“If it’s anything we can give you,” says they, “you’re welcome to it.”

“’T is very good as it is,” says he; “but when I’m at home, I find it gives it a fine flavour just to boil a little knuckle o’ bacon, or mutton trotters, or anything that way, along with it.”

“Raich hether that bone o’ sheep’s head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell,” says the man o’ the house.

“Oyeh, don’t mind it,” says O’Leary; “let it be as it is.”

“Sure if it improves it, you may as well,” says they.

"*Baithershin!*" says O'Leary, putting it down.

So after boiling it a good piece longer, "'Tis as fine limestone broth," says he, "as ever was tasted; an' if a man had a few piatez," ¹ says he, looking at a pot of 'em that was smoking in the chimney corner, "he could n't desire a better dinner."

They gave him the piatez, and he made a good dinner of themselves an' the broth, not forgetting the bone which he polished equal to chaney, before he let it go. The people themselves tasted it, an' thought it as good as any mutton broth in the world. And they were after thanking him for showing them how to make limestone broth.

GERALD GRIFFIN, *Collegians*.

THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN

THERE once lived in the city of Bagdad, during the reign of the Caliph Haroun Er Raschid, a famous barber whose name was Ali Sakal. He was so expert in his manner of shaving that all the great men of Bagdad employed him. This made him so vain and insolent that at length he would scarcely shave anyone who was not rich and noble.

It happened one day that a poor woodcutter, who did not know what kind of man Ali Sakal was, went to his shop, and offered a load of wood

¹ Potatoes.

for sale. Ali Sakal, who needed wood, immediately promised him a price *for all the wood that was on his ass*.

The woodcutter agreed to this bargain, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money.

"You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber. "I must have the pack-saddle (which was made mostly of wood,) into the bargain; that was our agreement."

"How," said the other in great amazement, "who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible!" But in spite of all the poor man's remonstrances the overbearing barber seized pack-saddle, wood, and all, and sent away the peasant in great distress.

The poor man ran immediately to the Cadi, and stated his griefs, but the Cadi was a friend of the barber, and refused to hear the case. The woodcutter applied to a higher judge, and he too was a friend of the barber, and made light of the matter. He then appealed to the Mufti himself, with the like result.

The poor man, however, was not discouraged, but sent a petition to the Caliph Haroun Er Raschid, who promptly summoned the peasant before him.

The woodcutter hastened to present himself, and kissed the ground before the throne, and then awaited the Caliph's decision.

“My friend,” said the Caliph, “the barber has words upon his side, — you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words. Agreements *must* be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man. Therefore, the barber must keep all the wood; but —” then calling the woodcutter close to him, the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear and the poor man went away satisfied.

A few days after this the woodcutter went to the barber, and, as if nothing had happened, asked him to shave his head, and also his companion who waited without. The barber, pleased to think that he had got off so easily in the affair of the wood, agreed to shave them both.

The woodcutter immediately went out and returned leading his ass behind him by the halter. “This is my companion,” said he, “and you must shave him.”

“Shave him!” exclaimed the barber. “Is it not enough that I have demeaned myself by promising to touch you; that now you insult me by asking me to shave your ass! Away with you!” and he drove them both out of his shop.

The woodcutter ran straightway to the Caliph, was admitted to his presence, and stated his case.

“T is well!” said the Commander of the Faithful; “bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this

instant." In the course of a few minutes the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" asked the Caliph. "Was not that your agreement?"

Ali kissed the ground before the throne, and answered, "'T is true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement, but whoever made a companion of an ass before? Or whoever thought of shaving one?"

"You may say right," answered the Caliph, "but whoever thought of insisting that a pack-saddle should be included in a load of wood? No, no! It is the woodcutter's turn now. Shave the ass immediately, or lose your head."

The ass was brought in, and the barber, filled with mortification, was obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap-suds, and to lather the beast from head to feet. He then had to shave it in the presence of the Caliph and his court, whilst all who looked on jeered and laughed at him.

As for the poor woodcutter, as soon as his ass was shaved, the Caliph presented him with a purse filled with gold-pieces, and the man returned to his family rejoicing.

JAMES MORIER, *Hajji Baba of Ispahan.*

THE SOUL OF THE LICENTIATE

Two scholars on their way from Pennafiel to Salamanca, being thirsty and fatigued, sat down by a spring they met with on the road. There, while they rested themselves, after having quenched their thirst, they perceived by accident upon a stone that was even with the surface of the earth, some letters already half effaced by time and the feet of flocks that came to water at the fountain. Having washed it they read these words in the Castilian tongue: —

“Here is interred the soul of the Licentiate Peter Garcias.”

The younger of the two students, being a pert coxcomb, no sooner read this inscription, than he cried with a loud laugh: —

“A good joke i’ faith! Here is interred the soul — a soul interred! Who the devil could be the author of such a wise epitaph!”

So saying he got up and went away, while his companion, who was blessed with a greater share of penetration, said to himself: —

“There is certainly some mystery in this affair! I’ll stay in order to unriddle it.”

Accordingly his comrade was no sooner out of sight, than he began to dig with his knife all around the stone, and succeeded so well that he

got it up and found beneath it a leathern purse containing a hundred ducats and a card on which was written the following sentence in Latin:—

“Whosoever thou art who hast wit enough to discover the meaning of the inscription, inherit my money and make a better use of it than I have done.”

The scholar, rejoicing at his good fortune, placed the stone in its former situation, and walked home to Salamanca with the soul of the licentiate.

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE, *Gil Blas*.

TABLE DIPLOMACY

BEING at Constantinople a few years since, (on a delicate mission,) — the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an extra negotiator, — Leckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer Palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and the Russian agent, Count de Diddloff, on his dexter side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain. He had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation; but of course we were friends in public, and sa-

luted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bowstring has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates. The only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafoetida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted.

The Galeongee ate of this hugely, and, pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I shall never forget the look of poor Diddloff, when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball, and exclaiming, "Buk Buk!" (it is very good,) administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it. He swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he knew

his error. It finished him. He was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer-house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with such grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once, and the Treaty of Kabobanople was signed.

As for Diddloff, all was over with *him*. He was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderick Murchison saw him under No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, *The Book of Snobs*.

PEAS WITH A KNIFE

I ONCE knew a man who committed before me a most atrocious act. I once, I say, knew a man who dining in my company at the Europa Coffee-House, (as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples,) *ate peas with the assistance of his knife!*

He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first, — indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands

in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose, — a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me, — to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances — in nowise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honour or my esteem for him — had occurred which obliged me to forgo my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct, that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias, — indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once, — but as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend being an Englishman had committed an atrocious act. It is not, however, wrong for persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knives in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company do likewise. I have seen at the hospitable board of H. I. H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of

Potztausend-Donnerwetter, (that serenely beautiful woman,) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon. I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman, was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy, — our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board, but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable until the fourth of June last.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet, — ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me, — the remembrance of old services, — his rescuing me from the brigands, — his gallant conduct in the affair with

the Countess Dei Spinachi, — his lending me the £1700. I almost burst into tears with joy, — my voice trembled with emotion.

“George, my boy!” I exclaimed. “George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!”

Blushing, deeply moved, — almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, “Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?”

I could have hugged him, but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what caused the motion which sent the duckling I was carving into her Ladyship’s pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the Continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

If this tale but induce one of my readers to pause, to examine his own mind solemnly, and ask, “Do I, or do I not, eat peas with a knife?” to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, — these lines will not have been written in vain.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, *The Book of Snobs.*

MR. PICKWICK COLLECTS SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION

MR. PICKWICK, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great-coat pocket, and his notebook in his waistcoat ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach-stand in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same, who with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. "Here you are, sir. Now, then, fust cab!" And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's worth, Tommy," cried the driver sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his notebook. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immoveable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment, — and out came the notebook again.

"He lives at Pentonwil, when he's at home," observed the driver coolly, "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down, when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on, — he can't help it."

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his notebook, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped

the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on," said the cab-driver, sparring away like clock-work. "Come on, — all four on you!"

"Here's a lark!" shouted half a dozen hackney coachmen. "Go to work, Sam," and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman. "What did he want my number for?"

"I did n't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for, then?" inquired the cabman.

"I did n't take it," said Mr. Pickwick indignantly.

"Would anybody believe," continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd, "would anybody believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain?" (a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick, — it was the notebook.)

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first, "and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on," and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, a fourth by way of variety in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half a dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put 'em under the pump," suggested a hot-pieman.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers," shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation, the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry vender's proposition; and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall, thin, young man in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd again.

"We are not!" roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which to any dispassionate listener carried conviction with it.

"Ain't you, though, — ain't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way.

"Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take your-

self off — respectable gentleman — know him well — none of your nonsense — this way, sir — where's your friends?' — all a mistake I see — never mind — accidents will happen — best regulated families — never say die — down upon your luck —"

And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travellers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*.

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE DYES HIS HAIR

THE CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION

MR. TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, realizing that he might soon be heir to ten thousand a year, and being highly elated by the invitation of Mr. Tagrag to Sunday dinner at Satin Lodge, sat himself down to consider how he might make himself more beautiful.

The first thing he thought of was his abominable sandy-coloured hair, for Heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue.

Early in the afternoon, therefore, he directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashion-

able perfumer and hair-dresser. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear, he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter reading. He was handsome, and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black, — so at least Titmouse considered it. With a little hesitation he asked this gentleman what was the price of their article “for turning *light* hair black,” and was answered, “only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle.” One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed in manifold advertisements.

“You’ll find,” said the black-haired gentleman, with glibness, “the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the ‘CYANOCHAITANTHROPO-POION.’”

“*Sure* it will do, sir?” inquired Titmouse anxiously.

“Is my hair dark enough to your taste, sir?” said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner, “because I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific.”

“Do you indeed, sir?” inquired Titmouse, adding with a sigh, “but between ourselves, look at mine,” and lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carrotty hair.

“Whew! rather ugly that, sir!” exclaimed the

gentleman looking very serious. "What a curse it is to be born with such hair, is n't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-its-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honour, sir, — certain; no mistake, I assure you. Why, sir, there was a nobleman —"

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse eagerly with a fast-beating heart.

"Sometimes two, — sometimes three days. In four days' time I'll answer your most intimate friend would not know you."

Here another customer entered, and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tagrag, put the wonder-working bottle into his pocket, and, on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.

After taking a hearty dinner in a little, dusky eating house, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners with splendid heads of curling hair and mustaches, he hastened home eager to commence the grand experiment. Fortunately he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little bottle,

and read of certain noble personages all of whom "from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks."

Throwing down the paper, he hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers. And, about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, he got into bed full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties.

He dreamed a rapturous dream that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at himself in a looking-glass. This awoke him. Up he jumped, — sprang to his little glass breathlessly, — but ah! merciful Heavens! He almost dropped down dead! *His hair was perfectly green!*

He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost. Then he threw himself on the bed and felt fainting. Out he presently jumped again in a kind of ecstasy, — rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about, — again looked into the glass, — there it was rougher than before, but *eyebrows, whiskers and head all were if anything a more vivid and brilliant green.*

Despair came over him. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig which would

be making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind he dressed himself half determined on starting off to the hair-dresser's and breaking every pane of glass in the front window of the infernal impostor who had sold him the liquid. At that moment he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop, his landlady, approaching his door, and he recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that hour.

Having no time to take his clothes off, he popped into bed, drew the blankets over him, pulled his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, and, turning his back, pretended to be asleep. In his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view. He lay as still as a mouse.

Mrs. Squallop entered, and, after glancing with surprise at his legs, happened to look toward the window and beheld a small bottle standing there, only half of whose dark contents were remaining. O gracious! of course it must be *poison*, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead!

In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out:—

“O Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what have you been —”

“How dare you?” commenced Titmouse sud-

denly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked! He had all his day-clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his eyes; his face was very pale, and *his whiskers were of a bright green colour.*

“Oh law! Oh lawks!” exclaimed Mrs. Squallop faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself.

“Well, is n’t it an infernal shame, Mrs. Squallop,” cried Titmouse getting off the bed, and, plucking off his nightcap, he exhibited the full extent of his misfortune.

“What do you think of that?” he exclaimed staring wildly at her.

Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

“I shall go mad, — *I shall!*” cried Titmouse tearing his green hair. And stuttering with fury, he explained to her what had taken place.

As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, and appeared likely to tumble off her chair.

Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her. At length, however, the fit went off, and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and

fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what “a good hearty wash would do.”

Scarce sooner said than done, — but alas! in vain! Scrub, scrub, — lather, lather, did they both, but the instant that the soap-suds had been washed off, there was the head as green as ever.

“O murder! murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?” groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

“Why I’d be off to a police-station, and have ’em all taken up, if as how I was *you*,” quoth Mrs. Squallop indignantly.

“No! See if I don’t take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what’s left, — and I’ll smash in his shop-front besides!”

“Oh! you won’t — you must n’t — not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet! it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colours out. — But — a — a — excuse me now, Mr. Titmouse,” said Mrs. Squallop, seriously, — “why was n’t you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D’ye think He did n’t know a deal better than you what was best for you? I’m blest if I don’t think this is a judgment on you, when one comes to consider.”

“What’s the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?” said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his

manner. "A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment, — where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That a'n't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop, — you're as grey as a badger underneath, — 'pon my soul! I've often remarked it, — I *have*, 'pon my soul!"

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you, — so take that for your sauce, you vulgar fellow!" (snapping her fingers at him.) "Get rid of your green hair if you can! It's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots*, — and some likes one, some the other, — ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squallop, —" he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force.

Titmouse was left alone in a half-frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read the atrocious puffs which had over night inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw they were all lies. At the end of the circular he read: —

"The exquisite effect of dazzling jet-black hair is not in all cases produced instantaneously. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but

not unfrequently, the hair passes through intermediate shades and tints, — all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word of the above sentence directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type, that none but the strongest sight and determined eye could read it; and which said note was as follows: —

"Though cases do, undoubtedly, occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change or even modification, and resist even this potent remedy."

Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair.

The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised or discomposed. "Ah, — yes! I see, — I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs with different people —"

"Differs, sir! I'm going mad! I look like a green monkey. Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all!"

"Rather a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning

suddenly red, with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly, — “If you ’ll only persevere —”

“Persevere!” interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head, “I’ll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public! I’ll have a warrant out against you in no time!”

“Oh! my dear sir, I’m accustomed to all this,” said the gentleman coolly. “Often, this happens while the liquid is performing the first stages of the change; but in a day or two afterward the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows.”

“No! But really, — do they, sir?” interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath. “Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we’ve used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in —”

“Soft soap! — soft soap!” cried out the gentleman, with an air of sudden alarm. “That explains all! Soft soap, sir! Why you may have ruined your hair for ever!”

Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his astute mind that the intolerable green had preceded, not followed, the use of the soft soap.

“Go home, my dear sir,” said the gentleman, “go home, as you value your hair. Take this small bottle of DAMASCUS CREAM, and rub it in

before it is too late, then use the remainder of the —”

“Then you don’t think it’s already too late?” inquired Titmouse, faintly; and, having been assured to the contrary, he asked the price of the DAMASCUS CREAM, which was “*only* three-and-sixpence.” He purchased and paid for it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked homeward along the streets with the air of a pick-pocket, while many a person smiled and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

THE DAMASCUS CREAM

He slunk upstairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the DAMASCUS CREAM. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer, from sheer fatigue.

Having risen, at length, to mark from the glass the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his exertions had been to give a greasy, shining appearance to the hair, which remained green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sank down upon a chair.

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When Titmouse rose the next morning, behold! — he found his hair had become of a *variously shaded purple or violet colour!*

Astonishment and apprehension by turns pos-

essed him, as he stared into the glass, at this unlooked-for change of colour; and, hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the hair-dresser's establishment. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION was behind the counter as usual, — calm and confident as ever.

“Ah! I see, — as I said! as I said!” quoth he, with a sort of glee in his manner. “Is n't it? — coming round quicker than usual. — Really, I'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make.”

“Well,” at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering, — “then, is it really going on tolerable well?” taking off his hat, and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

“*Tolerable* well, my dear sir! Delightful! Perfect! Could n't be better! If you'd studied the thing, you'd know, sir, that purple is the middle colour between green and black. Indeed, black's only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing.”

“I'm going to a grand dinner, to-morrow, sir,” said Titmouse, anxiously, “with some great people at the west end of the town, — eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle

to get my hair a shade darker by that time, — hem! — You understand?”

“Yes, I do,” replied the gentleman of the shop, and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. “This,” said he, “will complete the thing. It combines chemically with the purple particles, and the result is — generally arrived at in about two days’ time.”

“But it will do *something* in a night’s time, — eh! — surely?” asked Titmouse.

“I should think so. But here it is, — it is called the TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA.”

“What a name!” exclaimed Titmouse with a kind of awe. “’Pon honour! it almost takes one’s breath away. How much is it?” he added eagerly, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

“Only nine-and-sixpence.”

“Oh, my stars, what a price! Nine-and-six! But — really — I’ve laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two! Could n’t you say eight shillings, sir?”

“We never abate our price, sir, it’s not *our* style of doing business,” replied the gentleman, in a manner that quite over-awed poor Titmouse, who at once bought this, the third abomination, not a little depressed, however, at the heavy prices which he had paid for the three bottles.

THE TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA

That night he tried the effects of the TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects. First it was perfectly colourless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. Away he rubbed, and, when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result which would be disclosed by the morning's light.

But, alas! would you have believed it? When he looked at himself in the glass about six o'clock on the ensuing morning, his *eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow!* which, combined with the purple colour of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects the eye of man had ever beheld.

There was the wisdom of age seated in his white eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable youthful folly in his features, and a purple crown of wonder on his head. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him, and sank down upon the bed with the feeling that he was now fit for death.

As before, Mrs. Squallop made her appearance with his kettle for breakfast. He was sitting at the table dressed, arms folded, with a reckless air. She stared at him for a second or two in silence,

then, stepping back out of the room, suddenly drew to the door, and stood outside, laughing vehemently.

“I’ll kick you down stairs!” shouted Titmouse, rushing to the door, pale with fury, and pulling it open.

“Mr. — Mr. — Titmouse, you’ll be the death of me, — you will, — you will!” gasped Mrs. Squallop, almost black in the face, and the water running out of the kettle which she was unconsciously holding aslant.

Mrs. Squallop had fancied he had been but rubbing chalk on his eyebrows and whiskers, but seemed dismayed indeed on hearing the true state of the case. He implored her to send out for a small bottle of ink; but as it was Sunday morning, none could be got. She teased him to use a little blacking. He did, — but it was useless.

He sat for an hour or two, in an ecstasy of grief and rage. What would he now have given never to have meddled with the hair which Heaven had seen fit to send with him into the world? Alas! with what mournful force Mrs. Squallop’s words again and again recurred to him. To say he ate his breakfast would be scarcely correct. He drank a single cup of cocoa, and ate a small fragment of a roll, and put his breakfast things on the window-shelf.

Then in desperation he sallied forth to search

for ink. After much walking to and fro, and inquiry in the neighbourhood, he was able to secure a small bottle. With this he returned home, and applied the ink to his whiskers and eyebrows with great effect. After which he dressed himself with care.

He put on a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collar, taking care not to rumple a very showy front containing three rows of frills; in the middle of one of which he stuck three "studs," looking exceedingly stylish, especially when coupled with a span-new satin stock which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his shining boots, he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trousers, so tight that you would have feared their bursting if he should have sat down hastily. Next he put on a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-coloured silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic-gold chain. And next he took *his ring* from its hiding place (only sharp eyes could tell at a distance that it was not a diamond!) and placed it on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand.

A pair of sky-coloured kid gloves next made their appearance, rather the worse for wear. His Sunday hat was gently removed from its worn box, and lastly he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and full brown tassel, from a

peg behind the door, — and his toilet was complete.

Then did Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, thus exquisitely clad, with purple hair, and ink-black whiskers and eyebrows, go forth to seek his adventures, and made his appearance at the gate of Satin Lodge at about a quarter to four o'clock.

DR. SAMUEL WARREN, *Ten Thousand a Year.*

ABUL-HASSAN THE WAG; OR, THE SLEEPER AWAKENED

THERE was a merchant in Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Haroun Er Raschid, and he had a son named Abul-Hassan the Wag. This merchant died, leaving his son vast wealth; whereupon Abul-Hassan divided his property into two equal parts, one of which he laid aside, and the other he expended.

He took for his friends a number of the sons of the merchants, and gave himself up to the delights of good drinking and eating, until all the wealth he had set aside for this purpose was expended. Then he went to his friends and relations and told them how little property he had left; but none of them paid any attention to him, or uttered a word in reply. So he returned to his mother with a broken heart, and told her of the treatment he had received from his friends.

She replied, "O Abul-Hassan, such are the ways of the ungrateful! So long as thou hast aught to expend on them, they draw near to thee; and when thou hast nothing they cast thee off!" and she grieved for him, and he sighed and wept.

He then sprang up, and went to the place where was deposited the other half of his wealth, and upon this he lived agreeably. He took an oath that he would never again associate with any of his old friends, but with strangers; and that he would entertain a person for one night only, and afterward he would not recognize him. Accordingly every night he went forth and seated himself on the bridge, and when a stranger passed by, he invited him to an entertainment, and took him to his house, where he kept him until morning. He then dismissed him, and after that he would not salute him if he saw him. Thus he continued to do for a whole year.

One day as he was sitting upon the bridge as usual, Haroun Er Raschid, and some of his attendants, passed by in disguise. So Abul-Hassan laid hold upon him, and said, "O my master, wilt thou not dine with me?" And Er Raschid complied with his request, saying, "Conduct us to thy home." And Abul-Hassan knew not who was his guest.

The Caliph went with him to his house, and he entered the saloon and saw it to be spacious and

beautiful and filled with wonders, and in it there was a pool of water and a fountain of wrought gold. After the Caliph had seated himself, Abul-Hassan called a slave-girl who was as graceful as a twig of Oriental willow. She took a lute, and sang, and played so that she ravished the minds of her hearers.

Then said the Caliph to Abul-Hassan, "Young man, who art thou? Tell me thy history, that I may repay thee for thy kindness and hospitality."

But Abul-Hassan smiled and replied, "O my master, far be it from me that we should meet again, and that I should be in thy company after this night!"

"And why so?" asked the Caliph; "and why wilt thou not tell me thy history?"

So Abul-Hassan told him his story, and when the Caliph heard it he laughed violently, and said, "O my brother, thou art excusable in this matter."

Then a dish of roast goose was placed before the Caliph, and a cake of fine bread, and Abul-Hassan sat and cut the meat, and put morsels into the mouth of the Caliph. And they ate until they were satisfied; then the basin and ewer were brought and they washed their hands. After this Hassan lighted three candles and three lamps. He spread the wine-cloth, and brought forth clear, strained, old, perfumed wine, the odour of which

was like fragrant musk. He filled a cup with the wine and waited on the Caliph like a servant. And the Caliph, pleased with his actions and his politeness, said to himself, "I will certainly repay him for this!"

Abul-Hassan still continued to serve him. He again filled the cup, and handed it to the Caliph, after he had kissed it three times, reciting these verses: —

*"Thy presence is an honour, and fills us with thanks and grace,
If thou shouldst leave us, we have none to fill thy place!"*

"Drink," he added, "and may it be attended with health and vigour." — And they drank and enjoyed themselves until midnight.

After this the Caliph said to his host, "O Abul-Hassan, hast thou any desire that thou wouldst have accomplished?"

And Abul-Hassan answered, "In our neighbourhood is a Mosque, to which belong an Iman and four Sheikhs, and whenever there is music or jollity in my house, they complain to the Cadi, and he fines me; and they trouble my life so that I suffer all kinds of torment. If I had them in my power I would give each of them a thousand lashes."

Er Raschid replied, "May Heaven grant thee thy wish!"

And without Abul-Hassan being aware of it, the Caliph put a sleeping potion into a cup of

wine, and handed it to him. The young man drank it, and immediately fell asleep. Er Raschid then arose, and went to the door where he found his attendants waiting for him. He ordered them to convey the insensible Abul-Hassan upon a mule to the palace.

They did so, and after the Caliph had rested himself in the palace, he called for his Vizier Jaafar, and Abdallah the son of Tahir, the Cadi of Bagdad, and certain of his chief attendants and said to them:—

“In the morning when this young man Abul-Hassan awakes, salute him as Caliph, and obey him in all things.”

Then going to the female slaves, the Caliph directed them to wait upon Abul-Hassan, and to address him as Prince of the Faithful. After this the Caliph entered a private closet, and, having let down a curtain before the entrance, slept.

In the morning when Abul-Hassan awoke, he found himself upon the royal couch with the attendants standing around and kissing the ground before him. A damsel said to him, “O our lord, it is time for morning prayer.” Upon this Abul-Hassan laughed, and, looking round, saw that he was in a pavilion whose walls were adorned with gold and blue, and whose roof was ornamented with red gold. The doors of the pavilion were hung with curtains of embroidered silk, and on

every side were crystal ornaments, vessels of gold, magnificent furniture, rich carpets, lighted lamps, and female slaves.

Seeing all this Abul-Hassan was perplexed, and said to himself, "I am dreaming, or this is Paradise, the Abode of Peace!" And he closed his eyes. Then said a eunuch to him, "O my lord, this is not thy usual custom! O Prince of the Faithful!"

Hearing this Abul-Hassan was still more perplexed, and opened his eyes little by little, laughing and saying, "What is this state in which I find myself?" And he bit his finger. And when he found that the bite pained him, he cried out, "Ah!" and was very angry.

Then raising his head he called one of the female slaves, who answered, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!"

And he said to her, "What is thy name?"

And she answered, "Cluster of Pearls."

And he said, "Knowest thou in what place I am, and who I am?"

"Thou art the Prince of the Faithful," she replied, "sitting here in thy place upon the royal couch."

"Verily," exclaimed Abul-Hassan, "my reason hath departed! or I sleep! Surely my yesterday's guest was a devil or an enchanter who hath sported with my reason!"

All this time the Caliph was watching from a place where Abul-Hassan could not see him.

Then Abul-Hassan called the Chief Eunuch. So he came and kissed the ground before him, saying, "Yes, O Prince of the Faithful."

And Abul-Hassan said to him, "Who is the Prince of the Faithful?"

And the eunuch said, "Thou."

"Thou liest!" cried Abul-Hassan, and addressing another eunuch, he said, "O my chief, as thou hopest for Allah's protection, tell me, am I the Prince of the Faithful?"

"Yea, verily," answered the eunuch, "thou art at this present time, the Prince of the Faithful, and the Caliph of the Lord of all creatures."

And Abul-Hassan was perplexed and confounded at hearing this. And a eunuch advancing handed him a pair of shoes of gold stuff embroidered with precious stones and rubies. Abul-Hassan took them, and, after examining them, put them in his sleeve.

"O my lord," said the eunuch, "these shoes are to walk in."

"Thou hast spoken the truth," replied Abul-Hassan. "I put them in my sleeve for fear that they might become soiled!" So he took them from his sleeve, and put them on his feet.

Then the female slaves brought a basin of gold and a silver ewer, and poured water on his

hands, and he washed them. Then they spread a prayer-rug, and he tried to pray, but his mind was so confused that he could not do so. Instead he thought on his condition, and said to himself, "Verily I am none other than the Prince of the Faithful, or else this is a dream! But then things like this do not happen in a dream!"

So he convinced himself that he was the Prince of the Faithful, and he finished his prayers. They then brought him a magnificent dress, which he put on, and, looking at himself, he thought, "Surely all this is an illusion, and the enchantment of the Genii!"

And while he was in this state, lo, one of the memlooks came in, and said to him, "O Prince of the Faithful, a chamberlain is at the door requesting permission to enter."

"Let him enter," replied Abul-Hassan.

So he came in, and, having kissed the ground before Abul-Hassan, said, "Peace be on thee, O Prince of the Faithful!"

And Abul-Hassan rose and descended from the couch; whereupon the chamberlain exclaimed, "O Prince of the Faithful! Knowest thou not that all men are thy servants, and under thy authority, and that it is not proper for the Prince of the Faithful to rise to any one?"

At this moment Abul-Hassan was told that the Vizier Jaafar the Barmecide, and Abdallah

the son of Tahir, and the chief of the memlooks, were at the door begging permission to enter. And he gave permission. So they entered and kissed the ground before him, each of them addressing him as the Prince of the Faithful. Abul-Hassan was delighted at this, and returned their salutations, after which he called for the Chief Cadi, who approached him and said, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!"

And Abul-Hassan said to him, "Repair immediately to such a street, and give a hundred pieces of gold to the mother of Abul-Hassan the Wag, with my salutation. Then take the Iman of the Mosque and the four Sheikhs and inflict upon each of them a thousand lashes. When thou hast done that, parade them through the city, mounted on beasts with their faces to the tails, and proclaim before them, 'This is the punishment of those who annoy their neighbours!' And beware of neglecting that which I have commanded thee to do."

So the Cadi did as he was ordered. And when Abul-Hassan had exercised his authority until the close of day, he commanded the chamberlains and other attendants to depart. He then called a eunuch and said to him, "I am hungry."

The eunuch replied, "I hear and obey," and led him by the hand into an eating-chamber, where attendants placed before him a table set

with rich viands, and ten beautiful slave-girls stood behind him.

Abul-Hassan, looking at one of these, said to her, "What is thy name?"

She answered, "Branch of Willow."

"O Branch of Willow," said he, "who am I?"

"Thou art the Prince of the Faithful," she answered.

"Verily thou liest!" he said. "Ye girls are laughing at me!" Then he thought to himself, "No doubt these slave-girls are Genii, and my guest of last night is one of the Kings of the Genii who hath rewarded me for my hospitality by ordering his Afrites to address me as the Prince of the Faithful. All these are Genii. May Allah deliver me happily from them!"

And while he was thus talking to himself, lo, one of the slave-girls filled a cup with wine and threw into it a sleeping potion. She handed it to Abul-Hassan, and he drank and fell down senseless.

Er Raschid then ordered his attendants to convey Abul-Hassan to his house; and the servants did so, and laid him upon his bed, still in a state of insensibility.

Later in the night Abul-Hassan awoke and found himself in the dark. He called out, "Cluster of Pearls! Branch of Willow!" But no one answered him. His mother heard him shouting

these names, and arose and came in, and said, "O my son, what hath befallen thee? Art thou mad?"

And when he heard the words of his mother, he said to her, "O ill-omened old woman, how darest thou address the Prince of the Faithful with such words?"

She answered, "I am thy mother, O my son."

"Thou liest," he replied, "I am the Prince of the Faithful, the lord of many countries and peoples."

"Be silent," said she, "for if thou art overheard thy life will be lost!" And she began to recite charms over him, saying, "O my son, surely the devil hath suggested this idea to thee. But rejoice for I have something good to tell thee. Yesterday the Caliph gave orders to beat the Iman and the four Sheikhs for their impudent meddling; and he sent me a hundred pieces of gold, with his salutation."

And when Abul-Hassan heard this he uttered a loud cry, with which his soul almost quitted his body, and he exclaimed, "I am he who gave orders to beat the Iman and the Sheikhs, and who sent thee the hundred pieces of gold, with my salutation, and I am the Prince of the Faithful!"

Having said this he rose up, and beat his mother with an almond-stick, until she cried out, "Help! Help, O Muslims!" And he beat her with in-

creased violence until the neighbours heard her cries and came to her relief. And he was still beating her, saying, "O ill-omened old woman, am not I the Prince of the Faithful?"

When the people heard his words, they said, "This man is mad," and they seized him, bound his hands behind him, and conveyed him to a madhouse. There every day they punished him, dosing him with disgusting medicines, and flogging him with whips, making him a madman in spite of himself. Thus he continued, stripped of his clothes, and chained by the neck to a high window, for the space of ten days. Then his mother came to him, and he told her all that had happened to him from first to last, saying, "Verily I must have dreamed it, and I beg forgiveness of Allah for all my sins!" His mother hearing this, took him from the madhouse, and conducted him to her home, where she fed him, and he recovered his health.

Not long after he walked to the bridge to seek a stranger for a cup-companion. And, lo, as he was sitting there Er Raschid came to him disguised as a merchant.

As soon as Abul-Hassan saw him, he said, "A friendly welcome to thee, O King of the Genii! What terrible thing hast thou done to me? I have been beaten, and sent to a madhouse, and all have called me a madman. This was occasioned by

thee. I brought thee to my abode, and entertained thee with the best of my food, and after that thou gavest thy devils and Afrites power over me to make sport of me from morning to night. Depart from me, therefore, and go thy way."

The Caliph smiled at this, and, seating himself by his side, said, "O my poor brother, tell me thy story." And Abul-Hassan related all that had happened to him from first to last, while Er Raschid laughed, but concealed his laughter.

Then said the Caliph, "Praise be to Allah that He hath protected thee from the evil, and that I now see thee again in prosperity."

But Abul-Hassan replied, "I will not again take thee as my boon-companion, nor sit at the same table with thee, for the proverb saith: —

"He who stumbleth against a stone, and returneth to it, is to be blamed and reproached." Therefore with thee, O my brother, I will not keep company again since I have found thy visit to be followed by bad fortune."

The Caliph, however, said, "It was by my means that thou didst punish the Iman and the Sheikhs. Perhaps, if thou entertainest me once more, something will happen to rejoice thy heart. Permit me, therefore, to be thy guest this one night."

"I will make thee my guest," said Abul-Hassan, "if thou wilt swear by the inscription on

the seal of Solomon the son of David (on both of whom be peace!) that thou wilt not suffer thy Afrites to make sport of me."

And Er Raschid replied, "I hear and obey."

So Abul-Hassan took him to his abode, and put food before him and his attendants. And when the young man was not looking, the Caliph put a sleeping potion into his wine, and Abul-Hassan drank thereof and fell down insensible. The Caliph then arose and ordered his attendants to convey Abul-Hassan to the palace, and to lay him upon the royal couch. They did so, and the Caliph commanded the slave-girls to stand around him; after which he concealed himself in a place where Abul-Hassan could not see him, ordering a slave-girl to take her lute, and strike its chords over Abul-Hassan's head, and desiring the other slave-girls to play upon their instruments.

It was then the close of night, and Abul-Hassan awaking heard the sounds of lutes and tambourines and flutes, and the singing of the slave-girls. He cried out, "O my mother!"

Whereupon the slave-girls answered, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful."

And when he heard this he exclaimed, "There is no strength nor power but in Allah the High, the Great!" And he thought of his mother, and of the madhouse, and of the beatings with whips, and of all that he had suffered. Then looking at

the magnificence that surrounded him, and at all the attendants, he said to himself, "These are Genii in the shape of human beings! I commit my affair unto Allah!"

Then he called a memlook to his side, and said, "Bite my ear, that I may know whether I am asleep or awake."

The memlook replied, "How dare I bite thine ear, seeing that thou art the Prince of the Faithful?"

"Do as I command thee," said Abul-Hassan, "or I will strike off thy head!"

So the memlook bit it until his teeth met together, and Abul-Hassan uttered a loud shriek.

Er Raschid who was behind a curtain, with all his attendants, fell down with laughter, and he said to the memlook, "Art thou mad, that thou bitest the ear of the Caliph?"

And Abul-Hassan exclaimed, "Is it not enough that all this should have befallen me, O ye wretched Genii? But ye are not at fault, your chief is to blame who transformed you from Genii into human beings. I implore the help of the Koran against you!"

Upon this Er Raschid exclaimed, "Thou hast killed us with laughter, O Abul-Hassan!" and he came forth from behind the curtain. And when Abul-Hassan beheld him in all his royal state, he recognized the Caliph, and kissed the ground be-

fore him, greeting him with a prayer for the increase of his glory and the prolongation of his life.

Er Raschid then clad him in a rich dress, gave him a thousand pieces of gold, and made him his chief boon-companion. Abul-Hassan after this became a greater favourite with the Caliph than all the other boon-companions, so that he sat with the Caliph and his wife the Lady Zobeide; and he married her female Treasurer, whose name was Nouzatalfuad. And with his wife he resided eating and drinking and enjoying a delightful life, until they were visited by the Terminator of Delights and the Separator of Companions.

Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

STORY OF THE HUNCHBACK

THERE was in ancient times, in the city of Balsora, a tailor who was fond of sport and merriment. One day he and his wife went forth in the afternoon to take a walk, and, returning home in the evening, they met a hunchbacked man whose appearance was such as to excite laughter in the most serious. They approached and invited him to go with them to their house and join in a feast that night.

He accompanied them home, and the tailor went out to the market to buy some food for the feast. He bought fried fish and bread and limes

and sweetmeats, and, returning home, placed the fish before the Hunchback. They all sat down to eat and the tailor's wife, being in a merry mood, took a large piece of fish and crammed it down the Hunchback's throat, saying: —

“Don't chew this, but swallow it at once!”

The Hunchback swallowed it, and it contained a large, sharp bone that stuck in his throat, so that he instantly choked and died.

When the tailor saw this he exclaimed, “Alas! Alas! What shall we do since this poor creature hath died in this manner in our house!”

“Why dost thou sit there idle?” cried his wife. “Arise, take him in thine arms, and cover him with a silk napkin. I will go first, and do thou follow me, and we will carry him to a physician.”

The tailor immediately arose and took the Hunchback in his arms, and his wife accompanying him, they proceeded through the streets inquiring as they went for the house of a physician. The people directed them to the house of one who was a Jew. They knocked at the door and it was opened by a black slave-girl. When she saw what she thought was a father carrying a sick child in his arms, she hastened upstairs to call her master.

While the girl was gone, the tailor's wife, entering the vestibule, said to her husband, “Leave the Hunchback here, and let us take ourselves

away." And the tailor accordingly set him up against the wall, and went out with his wife.

The slave-girl meanwhile went in to the Jew, and said to him, "Master, hurry! for there is a sick person below waiting for medicine." And the physician, rising in haste, went down in the dark and in doing so struck against the lifeless Hunchback, who immediately fell down.

"Alas! Alas!" exclaimed the physician, "I have stumbled against this sick man, and he hath fallen down the stairs and died!" And he raised the Hunchback and took him up to his wife and acquainted her with the accident.

"Why dost thou sit there idle?" cried she. "If this body is found at daybreak in our house, our lives will be lost! Let us take him up to the terrace and throw him into the house of our neighbour the Muslim, who is the steward of the Sultan's kitchen. The cats and dogs often come down the terrace into his house to eat the food they find there; perhaps they will eat this body too."

So the Jew and his wife carried the Hunchback to the top of the terrace, and let him down by his hands and feet into their neighbour's court, placing him against the wall. This done they went to their own house.

Not long afterward the steward returned and, opening the door of the court, found a man stand-

ing against the wall next the kitchen. "What is this!" he exclaimed. "Verily he is a thief who hath come down to steal the flesh and grease that I keep concealed from the cats and dogs!" So saying he took a mallet and struck the Hunchback two blows upon the chest, and the body immediately fell to the ground.

When the steward perceived that the man was dead, he exclaimed: "Alas! Alas! Curse upon the grease and flesh, and upon this night!" And he lifted the Hunchback upon his shoulders, and going forth into the street carried him to the market-place, where he stood him on his feet by the side of a shop, and there left him and retired.

Soon after there came a Christian merchant who was intoxicated. He advanced staggering toward the Hunchback. Now earlier in the evening some boys had snatched off the merchant's turban, and when he saw the Hunchback standing there he thought he was about to do the same thing, so he clenched his fist and struck him in the neck. Down fell the Hunchback to the ground, and the Christian began to beat him, crying out at the same time for the night-watchman.

The watchman immediately came, and finding the Christian beating a Muslim and perceiving that the latter was dead, he was enraged and cried out, "How is it that a Christian dareth to

kill a Muslim!" Then he seized the merchant, bound his hands behind his back, and took him to the house of the judge.

"Alas! Alas!" said the Christian to himself: "How have I killed this man! How easily he died from a few blows!" Intoxication had departed and reflection come.

The Hunchback and the Christian passed the remainder of the night in the house of the judge. And when the morning came the latter ordered the executioner to proclaim the Christian's crime and set up the gallows.

The executioner did so, and, having stationed the Christian beneath the gallows, threw the rope round his neck and was about to hang him, when the Sultan's steward pushed through the crowd, and, seeing the Christian standing beneath the gallows, cried out to the executioner: —

"Do not hang that man, for it was I who killed the Hunchback!"

"Wherefore didst thou kill him?" asked the judge.

"I went into my house last night," answered the steward, "and found that he had descended the terrace and stolen my goods, so I struck him with a mallet upon his chest, and he died. I carried him out, and conveyed him to the market street where I set him up against a wall. Is it not enough for me to have killed a Muslim, that a

Christian should be killed on my account? Hang then none but me."

The judge, when he heard these words, liberated the Christian merchant, and said to the executioner, "Hang this man on the ground of his confession."

So the executioner took off the rope from the neck of the Christian, and put it round the neck of the steward, and, having stationed him beneath the gallows, was about to hang him, when the Jewish physician pushed his way through the crowd, and called out to the executioner:—

"Do not hang that man, for none killed the Hunchback but I. He came to my house to be cured of a disease, and, as I went down the stairs, I struck him with my foot, and he fell down and died. Hang not the steward, therefore, but kill me."

So the judge gave orders to hang the Jewish physician, and the executioner took off the rope from the steward's neck, and put it round the neck of the Jew. But, lo, the tailor forced his way through the crowd, and said to the executioner:—

"Do not hang that man, for none killed the Hunchback but I. Last night I was returning to my house and I met the little man who was shaking a tambourine and singing merrily. I took him home with me, and bought some fish, and we sat down to eat. My wife took a piece of fish and

crammed it into his mouth, and he choked and instantly died. Then she and I took him to the house of the Jewish physician; and while the slave-girl went to call her master, I set the Hunchback up by the stairs, and went away with my wife. When the physician came down he stumbled against him, and thought he had killed him. So liberate the Jew and hang me."

The judge when he heard this was astonished, and said, "Verily this event should be recorded in books!" Then he said to the executioner, "Liberate the Jew, and hang the tailor on account of his own confession."

So the executioner led the physician forward grumbling and saying, "Why dost thou say, 'Hang this one and release that one, and release this one and hang that one?' Am I not to hang any?"

Now, the Hunchback was the royal buffoon, and the Sultan could not bear him to be out of his sight. And when the Hunchback had been absent that night and the next day until noon, the Sultan inquired for him. "O our lord," answered his attendants, "the judge hath found him dead, and hath given orders to hang the man who killed him; but, lo, there hath come a second and a third person each saying, 'None killed him but I!'"

When the Sultan heard this he called his cham-

berlain and commanded him to bring the judge and all the men before his throne. The chamberlain immediately went down and found that the executioner had almost put to death the tailor. So he called out, "Stop hanging that man!" and informed the judge of the Sultan's command. And he took the judge and the Hunchback, and the tailor, and the Jew, and the Christian, and the steward, and went up with them all to the Sultan. And when they had come into the royal presence, the judge kissed the ground before the throne, and related all that had happened. And the Sultan was astonished and was moved with merriment at hearing this tale, and commanded that it should be written in letters of gold.

Then he said to those who were present, "Have ye ever heard anything so wonderful as the story of this Hunchback? If so I will grant you your lives."

Upon this the Christian, the Jew, and the steward each advanced and told a story, which the Sultan having heard, said, "These are not more wonderful than the story of the Hunchback, therefore ye must be hanged all of you! especially this tailor who is the source of the mischief." Then he added: "O tailor, if thou wilt tell me a story more wonderful than that of the Hunchback, I will forgive all of you your offences."

STORY TOLD BY THE TAILOR — THE YOUNG
MAN AND THE BARBER

So the tailor advanced, and said:—

Know, O King of the Age, that what hath happened to me is more wonderful than what hath happened to all the others. Yesterday morning, before I met this Hunchback, I was at an entertainment given to tailors and linen-drapers and carpenters and other tradesmen. At sunrise a repast was brought for us to eat, and, lo, the master of the house entered the room accompanied by a strange and handsome young man of the inhabitants of Bagdad. He was attired in magnificent garments and was a most comely person except that he was lame.

The young man saluted us and was about to seat himself when he observed among us a man who was a barber. Whereupon he refused to sit down and started to leave the room. We, and the master of the house, prevented him, and urged him to seat himself, saying, "What is the reason of thy entering and then departing so hastily?"

"Verily, O my masters," answered the young man, "the cause of my departing is this barber who is sitting with you."

The host hearing this was exceedingly surprised and said, "How is it, O young man from Bagdad, that thy heart is troubled by the pres-

ence of this barber? Relate to us the cause of thy displeasure."

At this the young man said, "Know, O company, that a surprising adventure happened to me with this barber in Bagdad, and he was the cause of my lameness; so I have sworn that I will not sit in any place where he is present, nor dwell in any town where he resides. I quitted Bagdad on his account, and I will not spend another night in this city!"

Upon this we said to him, "We conjure thee by Allah to relate to us thy adventure with him." And the countenance of the barber turned pale as he heard us make this request.

The young man then said:—

Know, O good people, that my father was one of the chief merchants of Bagdad, and Allah (Whose name be exalted!) blessed him with no other son but myself. When I had attained the age of manhood my father died leaving me his wealth and servants and houses. Whereupon I began to attire myself in the richest of garments and feed upon the most delicious of meats. I was, however, a woman-hater, and I continued to be such until one day, as I was walking in the streets of Bagdad, a party of women came toward me. I fled from them, and, entering a side street, sat down on a bench before a house.

I had been seated but a short time, when, lo,

a window in the house opposite was opened, and a damsel, as beautiful as the full moon, looked out. She watered some flowers beneath the window, and looked to the right and left, and then shut the window and disappeared. Instantly fire seemed to enter my heart, and my hatred of women was turned into love, and I continued sitting in the same place until sunset, in a state of distraction; when, lo, the Cadi of the city came riding along, with slaves before him, and servants behind him, and he alighted and entered the house from which the damsel had looked out. So I knew that he must be her father.

I returned to my house sorrowful, and fell upon my bed, and my slaves came and seated themselves around me, not knowing what was the matter. My disorder increased and the neighbours came to cheer me with their visits. Among those who visited me was an old woman, who seated herself at my head and said in a kind manner, "O my son, tell me what hath happened to thee."

So I related to her my story, and she said: "Know, O my son, that this is the daughter of the Chief Cadi of Bagdad. The place where thou sawest her is her apartment, and her father occupieth the large saloon below. I visit her often, and will obtain for thee an interview with her."

When I heard this I took courage, rejoiced, and



INSTANTLY FIRE SEEMED TO ENTER MY HEART

rose up firm of limb, whereupon the old woman departed.

Some days after this the old woman came again, and said, "Rejoice, O my son! Yesterday I went to the damsel and related to her thy story saying, 'After he saw thee he took to his pillow, and seemed to be dying.' At this she turned pale and was filled with pity and wept. Then saith she, 'Is this all on my account?' 'Yea, verily!' I answered. 'Go to him,' saith she, 'and convey to him my salutation, and tell him that my love is greater than his. On Friday next let him come hither at the time of the morning prayers. I will give orders for the door to be opened to him, and I will have a short interview with him. And he may leave before my father cometh back from prayers.'"

When I heard the words of the old woman I was filled with joy, and my heart was set at rest. I gave her a rich suit of clothes, and she departed. And I awaited with impatience the coming of Friday.

At last the day came, and I arose, and dressed, and perfumed myself, and said to a slave, "Boy, go to the market and bring me a barber who is a man of sense and of few words, so that he may not make my head ache by his chattering." And the boy went and brought this Sheikh, who on entering saluted me, saying: —

“May Allah dispel thy grief and thine anxiety and misfortunes and sorrows!”

I responded, “May Allah accept thy prayers.”

He then said, “Be cheerful, O my master, for health hath returned to thee with my coming! Dost thou desire to be shaved or bled?”

“Abstain,” said I, “from this useless discourse, and shave my head immediately for I am weak.”

He arose and took out a handkerchief from his bosom, and opened it, and, lo, there was in it an astrolabe. He took it, and went to the door, where he stood looking at the sun for a considerable time; then he said to me: —

“Know that this day, which is Friday, is the tenth of the month Safar of the year 263 of the Flight of the Prophet, — upon whom be the most excellent of blessings and peace! — and the ascendant star of this day, according to the rules of astrology, is the planet Mars; and it happeneth that Mercury hath come in conjunction with that planet, and this indicateth that the shaving of hair is now a most fortunate thing.”

“Verily,” I exclaimed, “thou weariest me with thy senseless chatter! Cease speaking and shave my head.”

But he replied, “If thou knewest the truth of the case thou wouldst demand me to explain more! I would that I could serve thee for a whole

year that thou mightest do me justice! I desire no pay for so doing."

When I heard this I said, "Verily thou art killing me this day! There is no escape for me!"

"O my master," he answered, "I am he whom the people call El Samit, the Silent One, on account of the shortness of my speech, by which I am distinguished above my brothers. For my eldest brother is named Bacbouc the Chatterer; and the second, Heddar the Talkative; and the third, Bacbac the Prater; and the fourth is named Alcouz the Open-Mouth; and my two other brothers are named Alraschar and Shacabac; and the seventh brother is named The Silent One, and he is myself!"

Now, when the barber had thus overwhelmed me with his talk, I was filled with impatience, and said to the boy, "Give this man a quarter of a piece of gold and bid him depart immediately."

But the barber hearing this exclaimed, "Verily I will accept no pay from thee unless I shave thee first! Thy father, — may Allah have mercy upon him! — treated me with great generosity. Verily thy father sent for me one day, — a blessed day like this! When I entered his room he had a number of friends with him, and he said to me, 'Bleed me.' So I took my astrolabe and observed the sun and found the hour to be of evil omen, and that bleeding would be attended with misfortune.

I therefore acquainted him with this, and he awaited the arrival of a more fortunate hour, when I bled him. For this he thanked me, and all the company present thanked me. And thy father gave me a hundred pieces of gold."

"May Allah," exclaimed I, "show no mercy to my father for knowing such a man as thou!"

At this the barber laughed and replied, "Verily thy illness causeth thee to speak nonsense! Verily I would know the cause of thy haste! Thy father used to do nothing without consulting me, and thou wilt find no one better acquainted with the ways of the world than myself. Therefore confide in me and I will advise thee."

Hearing this I gave vent to my rage and cried out, "Shave me and depart from me!" And I would have risen, but he wetted my head and said:—

"I will not be angry with thee for thy brain is weak, and thou art but a youth! A short time ago I used to carry thee on my shoulder to school."

Then I rent my clothes, and when he saw me do this he took the razor, and sharpened it for so long a time that my soul almost parted from my body. Then advancing he shaved a small portion of my head, after which he lifted his hand and said:—

"O my lord, haste is from the devil! And of such a one as myself hath the poet said:—

*“The trades are like a necklace of pearls, and this barber is the chief pearl of the strings!
He excelleth all others in skill, and under his hands are the heads of Kings!”*

“I fancy,” continued he, “that thou art in haste; but proceed slowly, for haste is from the devil! I fear thy affair is an evil one, therefore acquaint me with it so that I may advise thee.”

There now remained but three hours before the time appointed for me to meet the damsel, and the barber suddenly threw the razor down in anger, and taking the astrolabe went again to observe the sun. After some time he returned to me and took the razor and, sharpening it for a long while as he had done before, began to shave another portion of my head, then stopping he said:—

“I am worried on account of thy hurry. If thou wilt tell me the cause it will be better for thee. Know that thy father used to do nothing without consulting me.”

I perceived how the time was passing swiftly and that I could not get rid of him by commands, so I said to him, “Be quick and cease from this chattering and impertinence! Shave me, and I will give thee five dishes of meat, and ten frican-doed fowls, and a roast lamb.”

“Cause them to be brought here,” said he, “so that I may see them.”

So I had them brought before him, and he exclaimed, "How generous is thy soul! But the incense and perfumes are wanting."

I thereupon commanded the servants and they brought him a box containing aloes-wood and ambergris and musk, worth fifty pieces of gold. Whereupon the barber threw down the astrolabe and, seating himself on the floor, opened the box and turned over the perfumes and incense until my soul almost quitted my body.

He then advanced, took the razor, and shaved another small portion of my head, after which he stopped and began to talk and chatter as before, saying, "It is my desire to aid thee in this thy affair, therefore I will not leave thee but will attend thee this day."

To this I said, "Verily the place to which I am going none can enter except myself."

"I suppose then," he rejoined, "that thou hast an appointment with a damsel. Verily I will assist thee to attain thy desire, otherwise without my help thy life may be lost seeing that this is the city of Bagdad, and that the Chief Cadi hath a terrible, sharp sword."

"Woe to thee! O wicked old man!" I exclaimed, "how darest thou address me thus?" And upon this he kept a long silence.

The time of prayer had arrived when he had finished shaving my head, and I gave him the

food and the box, and dismissed him. He took them, and, giving them to a porter to convey to his abode, concealed himself in a by-street. I then immediately arose and went forth alone, and stopped at the house of the damsel; and, lo, the barber was behind me and I knew it not.

I found the door open, and entered; and immediately the master of the house returned from prayers, and, entering the saloon, closed the door. Thereupon I hid myself in haste. Now it happened just at this time that a slave-girl belonging to the Cadi committed some offence and he began to beat her and she cried out. Then a male slave came in to rescue her, and the Cadi beat him and he cried out also. The barber standing in the street heard this and thought that the Cadi was beating me; so he screamed and rent his clothes, and sprinkled dust upon his head, shrieking and calling for assistance.

He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, and he said to them, "My master is being killed in the house of the Cadi." Then running to my house, crying out all the time, and with a crowd behind him, he gave the news to my servants. They all came forth and followed him shrieking, the barber shrieking at their head, and all of them crying, "O our master! Alas he is slain!"

Thus they advanced to the house of the Cadi,

who, hearing the disturbance, arose and opened the door. Seeing such a great crowd he was confounded, and said, "O people, what is the matter?"

"Thou hast beaten our master with staves," answered the barber, "and I heard his cries."

"What hath he done that I should kill him?" asked the Cadi. "And whence came he, and whither would he go?"

"Thou malevolent old man!" exclaimed the barber, "I know all about it, and the reason of his entering thy house! Thy daughter is in love with him, and he with her. Thou hast discovered him in thy house, and hast ordered thy young men to beat him. Bring him forth immediately and deliver him safely to us; or, verily, none shall decide this except the Caliph! Haste, then, to produce him."

The Cadi hearing these words was utterly abashed before the people, but presently he said to the barber, "If thou speak the truth, enter thyself and bring him forth."

So the barber entered the house, and I, hearing him coming, sought some way to escape, but found no place of refuge except a large chest in the saloon in which I was. I therefore entered this and shut down the lid, and held my breath.

The barber ran into the saloon, and, seeing the chest, came directly toward it. He raised it upon

his head, whereupon my reason forsook me. He carried the chest toward the street door, and I, not wishing to be conveyed after this manner through the city, opened the lid and threw myself upon the ground. My leg was broken by the fall, and I rose up and came to the door of the house where I found a multitude of people waiting to see me. I scattered gold among them to divert them, and while they were picking it up, I hastened through the by-streets of Bagdad followed by this barber, who cried after me:—

“Praise be to Allah who hath permitted me to rescue thee from the hands of the Cadi! Be not angry, O my master, because thine evil act hath brought upon thee this misfortune! If Allah had not blessed me, verily thou wouldst never have escaped! Beg therefore of Allah that I may live for thy sake to liberate thee in the future. Verily I am not offended at thee because thou seekest to escape me now, for thou hast little sense and a hasty disposition.”

“O wicked old man,” I cried, “art thou not satisfied with all thou hast done to me, but that thou must run through the streets after me?”

And I desired for death to liberate me from him, but I found it not. In the excess of my rage I ran from him and, entering a shop, implored the owner to protect me, and he drove the barber away.

After that I decided to rid myself of the barber and never see his face again, so I sold all my goods and settled my affairs, and set forth on a journey to escape this wretch. I then arrived in your country where I took up my abode, and have remained here a considerable time. And now I come unto you and see this vile wretch among you, seated at the other end of the room. How then can my heart be at ease with this fellow present who hath brought this misfortune upon me and been the cause of my breaking my leg?

Then the young man still insisted on not remaining with us, and we said to the barber, "Is this true which the young man hath said of thee?"

"Verily," he answered, "it was through my wisdom that I acted thus toward him. Had I not done so he had perished! It was through the goodness of Allah, by my means, that he broke his leg, instead of being killed. Were I a person of many words I had not done him this kindness. Now I will relate to you an event that happened to me so that you may know me to be a man of few words and that I am less impertinent than my brothers. And it happened thus:—"

STORY TOLD BY THE BARBER — THE
BEHEADED TEN

I was living in Bagdad in the reign of the Prince of the Faithful Mountasir Billah, who loved the poor, and associated with the learned and virtuous. It happened one day that he was incensed against ten men whom he ordered the Chief Cadi of Bagdad to bring to him in a boat.

I saw them as they were about to embark, and I said to myself, "These people are going on a pleasure excursion, and none shall be their companion but myself."

So I embarked with them, and when they landed on the opposite bank the guards of the Cadi came with chains and put them upon the necks of the ten, and put a chain on my neck also. — Now is not this, O people, a proof of the fewness of my words? for I determined not to speak.

They took us all together in chains and placed us before Mountasir Billah the Prince of the Faithful. Whereupon he gave orders to strike off the heads of the ten.

The executioner struck off the heads of the ten and I remained.

The Caliph seeing me said to the executioner, "Wherefore dost thou not strike off the heads of all the ten?"

He answered, "I have beheaded every one of the ten."

"I do not think," rejoined the Caliph, "that thou hast beheaded more than nine. This man before me is the tenth."

"By thy benevolence," the executioner replied, "they are ten."

"Count the heads," said the Caliph.

The executioner did so, and, lo, there were ten heads.

The Caliph then looked toward me and said, "Why hast thou been silent on this occasion? How didst thou come among these men of blood?"

And when I heard the words of the Prince of the Faithful, I said to him, "Know, O King of the Age, that I am the Sheikh called El Samit the Silent One. I am acquainted with all the sciences, I am grave of understanding, quick of comprehension, and few of words. My trade is that of a barber. And when I saw these ten men proceeding to the boat I mixed with them and embarked, thinking that they were a pleasure-party. But soon it appeared they were criminals, and the guards came and put chains upon their necks, and upon my neck they also put a chain. From the excess of my wisdom I was silent, and spoke not. They proceeded with us until they stationed us before thee, and thou gavest the order to strike off the heads of the ten, and I remained silent

before the executioner. Was this not great wisdom and generosity which compelled me to accompany these men to the slaughter? But throughout my life I have acted in this excellent manner."

When the Caliph heard my words he knew I was of a wise and generous disposition, and of few words, and not inclined to impertinence as is this young man whom I delivered from horrors.

"Hast thou any brothers," asked the Caliph, "distinguished like thyself for knowledge of the sciences, wisdom, and fewness of words?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have six brothers but they are not like me. Indeed thou insultest me by suggesting such a thing, O Prince of the Faithful. It is not proper that thou shouldst compare my brothers to me, for they talk much and are ungenerous. And each of them hath a defect. The first is lame; the second, deaf; the third, blind; the fourth, one-eyed; the fifth, cropped of his ears; and the sixth hath both his lips cut off. And each of them hath met with wonderful adventures; and I will now relate to thee two of these adventures which happened to two of my brothers, so thou mayest see that they are not so wise as I am."

STORY TOLD BY THE BARBER — THE TRAY
OF GLASS

My fifth brother, Alraschar, was cropped of his ears, O Prince of the Faithful. He was a pauper who begged for alms at night and lived by day on what he got. Our father was a very old man, and he fell sick and died, leaving us seven hundred pieces of silver, of which each of us took his portion, namely one hundred pieces.

Now my fifth brother when he received his share bought all sorts of articles of glass with his one hundred pieces. He put them on a large tray, and, seating himself upon some steps in the market-place, he placed the tray before him, and displayed his wares to the passers-by.

And as he sat, he meditated and said within himself, "Verily my whole stock consisteth of this glass. I will sell it for two hundred pieces of silver, and with the two hundred pieces I will buy other glass, which I will sell for four hundred. Thus I will continue buying and selling until I have acquired great wealth. Then with this will I purchase all kinds of merchandise and essences and jewels, and sell them and so obtain vast gain. After that I will buy a handsome house, and memlooks and horses and gilded saddles; and I will eat and drink." All this he calculated from the tray of glass lying before him.

Then said he, "I will demand as my wife the daughter of the Grand Vizier for I have heard that she is very beautiful. I will give as her dowry a thousand pieces of gold. I will buy ten eunuchs and I will purchase apparel fit for Kings and Sultans, and will cause to be made for me a saddle of red gold set with jewels. After which I will ride every day upon a horse with slaves behind me and before me, and the people will salute me as I pass through the streets.

"Then I will pay a visit to the Grand Vizier, the father of the damsel, with memlooks behind and before me. And when the Grand Vizier seeth me he will rise in humility and seat me in his own place. I will then order a slave to bring the purse which contains the gold pieces for the dowry, and he will place it before the Vizier, and I will add to it another purse to show my manly spirit and excessive generosity. When the Vizier addresseth me with ten words, I will answer him with two, and if he giveth me a present I will not accept it but return it.

"On the night of the bridal I will attire myself in the most magnificent of my robes, and seat myself on a couch covered with silk. When my bride cometh to me as beautiful as the full moon, and decked with rich ornaments and apparel, I will command her to stand before me timid and abject. I will not look at her, but turn

my head haughtily away. Her damsels will say, 'O our master and lord, this is thy wife, or rather thy handmaid. She awaiteth thy kind regard and is standing before thee. Then graciously bestow on her one glance.' Upon this I will bestow upon her one glance, and again turn my head away.

"Thereupon her mother will come to me, and will kiss my hands and say, 'O my master, look upon thy handmaid with the eye of mercy! She is submissively standing before thee.' But I will return no answer. And her mother will kiss my feet again and again, saying, 'O my master, my daughter is young, and if thou scorn her it will break her heart. Speak to her gently and calm her mind.' On this I will look at the bride out of the corner of my eye, and command her to remain standing before me with all humility, that she may know that I am the Sultan of the Age!

"Then her mother will order her to fill a cup with wine and put it to my lips. The bride will do so, saying, 'O my lord, reject not this cup from thy slave!' But I will make her no answer, and she will urge me to take it, and will put it to my mouth; and upon this I will shake my hand in her face and spurn her with my foot — *thus!*" — So saying my brother kicked the tray of glass that stood before him, and it fell down the steps, and all the glass was broken. And when he saw this he cried out, and said, "Alas! Alas! This is the

result of my pride!" And he slapped his face and tore his clothes. And the passers-by gazed at him while he wept and exclaimed, "Ah! O my grief!"

The people were going to attend Friday prayers, and while he was sitting there in this state, deprived of his property and weeping violently, a damsel approached him on her way to prayers. She was exceedingly beautiful; the odour of musk was diffused from her garments, and she rode upon a mule on which was a saddle of gold-embroidered silk, and with her were a number of servants.

When she saw the broken glass and my brother's miserable state and his tears, she was moved with pity for him and, taking forth a purse, called to one of the servants, saying, "Give this to the poor man." The servant did so, and my brother, opening the purse, found in it five hundred pieces of gold. Whereupon he almost died from excessive joy, and offering up prayers for his benefactress, he returned home happy.

STORY TOLD BY THE BARBER — THE BARMECIDE FEAST

My sixth brother, Shacabac, O Prince of the Faithful, had his lips cut off. He was very poor, possessing none of this world's goods; and he went forth one day to find some food with which to stay his departing spirit. He beheld, in a cer-

tain street, a handsome house with a wide and lofty porch, at the door of which stood a number of servants commanding and forbidding.

My brother inquired to whom the house belonged, and a servant answered, "This mansion belongeth to a son of the Barmecides." My brother thereupon begged the servant to give him something to eat, and the doorkeeper said, "Enter, and ask our master for what thou desirest."

So my brother entered the house and walked through various apartments until he arrived at an inner court, which was a garden spacious and beautiful. Its floors were paved with marble, and curtains were hanging on its walls. As he advanced toward the upper part of the garden, he beheld there a handsome man with a beard, who, on seeing my brother, rose to greet him, and asked him what he desired in that place.

My brother told him that he was in want, and when the master of the house heard this, he showed great grief and tearing his garments exclaimed, "Am I in this city, and thou in it hungry! This is a thing that I cannot endure! Thou must stay and presently partake of my salt."

But my brother answered, "O my master, I cannot wait long for food, because I am extremely hungry!"

Upon this the master of the house called out, "Boy, bring a basin and a ewer!" and he said to

my brother, "O my guest, advance and wash thy hands." The master then made motions as if he were washing his hands, and called to his attendants to bring a table. Whereupon the slaves began to come and go as though they were preparing a meal.

After this the master of the house took my brother and sat down with him at an imaginary table, and proceeded to move his hands and lips as if he were eating, saying to my brother, "Eat, and observe how white and sweet this bread is."

To this my brother at first made no reply, but said to himself, "Verily this man loveth to jest:" — then he said aloud, "O my master, I have never in all my life seen bread more beautifully white or of sweeter taste!"

On this the master of the house said, "It was made by a slave-girl of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold." He then called out, "Boy, bring cooked meats, the like of which is not found in the palaces of Kings!" and addressing my brother he said, "Eat, O my guest, for thou art hungry." So my brother began to twist his mouth and to chew as if eating.

The master of the house now proceeded to demand all sorts of viands one after the other, and though nothing was brought he continued urging my brother to eat. Next he called out, "Boy, bring the chickens stuffed with pistachio-nuts,"

and said, "O my guest, eat of this for thou hast never tasted the like!"

"O my master," answered my brother, "verily every dish hath not its equal in sweetness and flavour."

The host thereupon began to put his hand to my brother's mouth as if he were feeding him morsels, at the same time describing the delicious food which he pretended to feed him. Meanwhile my brother's hunger so increased that he longed for a cake of barley bread. At last my brother said, "I have eaten enough meats," and the host called to his attendants to bring the sweets, and they moved their hands about in the air as though they were bringing them. "Eat, O my friend," said the host; "take this one before the sirup runs out." And all this time my brother was rolling his tongue about his mouth as if he were enjoying the sweets.

After this the master of the house called out, "Bring the dried fruits," — and again the attendants moved their hands about in the air as though doing what he ordered. "Eat of these almonds," said he to my brother, "and of these walnuts and of these raisins," and he mentioned various kinds of dried fruits and nuts.

"O my master," replied my brother, "I have had enough, and can eat no more," — but the host rejoined, "O my guest, eat more! delight

thyself with these extraordinary dainties! Remain not hungry."

My brother now reflected upon his situation, and on the way the man jested with him, mocking his hunger, and he said to himself, "Verily I will make him repent of these doings!"

The master of the house now said to his attendants, "Bring us the wine," — and as before they made motions in the air, after which he pretended to hand my brother a cup, saying, "Take this wine, for it will delight thee!" and his guest replied, "O my master, thou art too generous!" and my brother acted as though he were drinking it. And then the master of the house pretended to drink himself, and handed a second cup to his guest.

Now after my brother had affected to drink the second cup of wine, he feigned himself intoxicated, and, suddenly raising his hand, struck his host a hard blow in the neck, and this he followed by a second blow that made the chamber ring. Whereupon the host cried out, "What is this thou doest, thou vilest of creatures!"

"O my master," answered my brother humbly, "I am thy slave upon whom thou hast graciously bestowed old wine until I have become intoxicated. But surely thou art of too exalted a dignity to be angry with me for what is done under the influence of wine!"

When the master of the house heard these words of my brother, he laughed aloud, and said to him, "Verily for a long time have I made game of men after this manner, but I have never seen one before who could enter into the jest as thou hast done. Now, therefore pardon me, and be my guest and friend forever."

He then gave orders for a feast to be spread, and he and my brother ate to satisfaction, after which they removed to a chamber where slave-girls as beautiful as so many moons sang all kinds of melodies and played on many musical instruments. And after that the master of the house treated my brother as a familiar friend, and became greatly attached to him and clad him in a costly dress.

On the following morning they resumed their feasting, and thus they continued to live together for the period of twenty years, when the man died, and the Sultan seized upon his property and took possession of it. These then are the stories of my fifth and sixth brothers.

And, continued the barber, when the Prince of the Faithful, Mountasir Billah, heard my words, and all that I had related to him, he laughed and said, "Thou hast spoken the truth, O El Samit the Silent One! Thou art surely a man of few words, and not at all impertinent; now however, depart from this city, and take up thy abode in an-

other." So he banished me from Bagdad. And I journeyed through various countries, and traversed many regions, until I heard of his death and of the succession of another Caliph; when, having returned to my city, I met with this young man unto whom I did the best of deeds, who, had it not been for me, would have been slain, yet he hath accused me of things that are not in my nature! For all that he hath said of me, that I am impertinent, and of many words, and stupid, is false, O people!

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY TOLD BY THE
TAILOR — THE YOUNG MAN AND THE BARBER

The tailor then proceeded thus: —

When we had heard the story of the barber, and were convinced that he was impertinent and talkative, and that he had treated the young man unjustly, we seized hold of him and placed him in confinement. After that the company remained together until time for afternoon prayers, when I went forth and hurried home. After which I took my wife for a walk, and as we were returning in the evening we met this Hunchback singing and repeating verses, upon which I invited him to come to my house, and he did.

I then went out to buy food, and returned, and we sat down to eat. My wife took a piece of fish, and put it into the Hunchback's mouth, and he

choked and fell down dead. Whereupon I took him up, and contrived to leave him in the house of this physician, and he contrived to throw him into the house of the steward, and the steward contrived to throw him in the way of the Christian merchant. This is the story of what happened to me yesterday. Is it not more wonderful than that of the Hunchback?

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE HUNCHBACK

When the Sultan heard this story, he ordered his chamberlain to go with the tailor and fetch the barber so that he might hear him talk. The chamberlain and the tailor soon came back bringing the barber with them, and they placed him before the Sultan.

And when the Sultan beheld him, he saw him to be an old man over ninety years of age, with dark skin, white eyebrows, small ears, and long nose, and of a haughty aspect. The Sultan laughed at the sight of him, and said, "O Silent One, I desire thee to relate to us some of thy stories."

"O King of the Age," replied the barber, "first tell me what is the occasion of the presence of this Christian, this Jew, and this Muslim, and this Hunchback lying dead among you. What is the reason of this assembly?"

"Wherefore dost thou ask?" said the Sultan.

The barber answered, "I ask it that the King

may know that I am not an impertinent fellow, nor do I meddle with what doth not concern me, and that I am free from the loquacity of which they accuse me. I am most fortunate in my name, for they call me El Samit the Silent One!"

The Sultan thereupon said to his attendants, "Explain to the barber the case of the Hunchback and what happened to him yesterday evening, and tell him also the adventures of the Christian, and the Jew, and the steward, and the tailor." So they told him the stories of all these persons.

The barber shook his head, saying, "Verily this is a wonderful thing! Uncover the Hunchback so that I may examine him." — And they did so.

He then seated himself on the floor, and, taking the Hunchback's head in his lap, looked in his face, and laughed so violently that he fell backwards, exclaiming. "For every death there is a cause! and the death of this Hunchback is most wonderful! It is worthy to be recorded in the royal records!" And so saying he drew from his bosom a pot of ointment and anointed the neck of the Hunchback. Then he took forth a pair of iron pincers, and put them down his throat and pulled out the piece of fish with its bone.

The Hunchback now sprang to his feet, sneezed and recovered consciousness. And all who were present were astonished at the sight,

and the Sultan laughed until he became insensible, as did also the other spectators.

The Sultan exclaimed, "Verily this accident is wonderful! I have never witnessed anything more strange! O Muslims! O assembly of soldiers! have ye ever in the course of your lives seen any one die and after that come to life? But had not Allah blessed him with this barber, the Hunchback had to-day been numbered among the people of the other world; for the barber hath been the means of restoring him to life."

And all the people assembled replied, "This is indeed wonderful!"

The Sultan then gave orders to record this event, and, when they had done so, to place it in the royal library. He bestowed dresses of honour upon the Jew and the Christian and the steward. The tailor he appointed to be his own tailor, granting him an allowance, and reconciling him and the Hunchback with each other. The Hunchback he honoured with a rich and beautiful dress, and with a similar allowance, and appointed him his cup-companion. Upon the barber he also bestowed like favours, and appointed him state-barber, and his own cup-companion, and a fixed salary. So they all lived in the utmost happiness and comfort until they were visited by the Terminator of Delights, and the Separator of Friends.

Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

THE FOOLISH CONSTABLE

AN INTERLUDE

Dramatis Personæ

Leonato, Governor of Messina.

Dogberry, } Two foolish officers.
Verges, }

Conrade, } Two villains.
Borachio, }

A Sexton.

1st Watchman.

2nd Watchman.

SCENE I. *A street.*

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, 1st WATCHMAN, and 2nd
WATCHMAN*

Dogberry. [*To the Watchmen.*] Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dogberry. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1st Watch. *Hugh Oatcake*, sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogberry. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a

well-favoured man is the gift of Fortune; but to write and read comes by Nature.

2nd Watch. Both which, master constable, —

Dogberry. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2nd Watch. How if a'¹ will not stand?

Dogberry. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dogberry. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogberry. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleep-

¹ He.

ing should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogberry. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dogberry. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dogberry. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges. 'T is very true.

Dogberry. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person: if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dogberry. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry. Ha, ah, ha! — Well, masters, good-night: and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good-night. — Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Borachio. What, Conrade.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

Borachio. Conrade, I say!

Conrade. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Borachio. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Conrade. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Borachio. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Borachio. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conrade. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Borachio. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conrade. I wonder at it.

Borachio. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conrade. Yes, it is apparel.

Borachio. I mean, the fashion.

Conrade. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Borachio. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Borachio. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Conrade. No; 't was the vane on the house.

[BORACHIO and CONRADE then discuss plans to aid Don John in one of his villainies.]

1st Watch. [*Stepping forward and interrupting them.*] We charge you, in the Prince's name, stand!

2nd Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of treachery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1st Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Conrade. Masters, masters,

2nd Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conrade. Masters, —

1st Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Borachio. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Conrade. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A room in Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogberry. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leonato. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dogberry. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verges. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leonato. What is it, my good friends?

Dogberry. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verges. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogberry. Comparisons are odorous: palabras,¹ neighbour Verges.

Leonato. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogberry. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

¹ Palaver.

Leonato. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dogberry. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verges. And so am I.

Leonato. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verges. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogberry. [*Interrupting.*] A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, "When the age is in, the wit is out." God help us! it is a world to see. — Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. — An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogberry. Gifts that God gives.

Leonato. I must leave you.

Dogberry. One word, sir. Our Watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leonato. Take their examination yourself, and

bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogberry. It shall be suffigance.

Leonato. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well. *[Exit Leonato.]*

Dogberry. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the gaol: we are now to examination those men.

Verges. And we must do it wisely.

Dogberry. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns; and the WATCH, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogberry. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verges. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogberry. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verges. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogberry. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — *[To Borachio.]* What is your name, friend?

Borachio. Borachio.

Dogberry. [*To the Sexton.*] Pray, write down, Borachio. — [*To Conrade.*] Yours, sirrah?

Conrade. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogberry. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God?

Conrade. }
Borachio. } Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogberry. Write down, that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Conrade. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogberry. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. — [*To Borachio.*] Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dogberry. Well, stand aside. — [*To the Sexton.*] Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the Watch that are their accusers.

Dogberry. Yea, marry, that's the efiest way.

Let the Watch come forth. — Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1st Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogberry. Write down Prince John a villain. — Why, this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Borachio. Master constable, —

Dogberry. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. [*To the Watch.*] What heard you him say else?

2nd Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John.

Dogberry. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verges. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. — Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogberry. Come let them be opinioned.

Verges. [*Seizes Conrade.*] Let them be in the hands —

Conrade. Off, coxcomb!

Dogberry. Where's the sexton? let him write down, the Prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come,

bind them. — [*To Conrade.*] Thou naughty varlet!

Conrade. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogberry. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O that he were here to write me down an ass! — But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. — Bring him away. — O that I had been writ down an ass!

[*Exeunt, the Watch leading Borachio and Conrade bound.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing.*

MALVOLIO

AN INTERLUDE

Dramatis Personæ

Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek, friend to Sir Toby.

Malvolio, steward to Olivia.

Fabian, servant to Olivia.

Olivia, a lady of great beauty.

Maria, Olivia's woman.

Clown.

Scene. A city in Illyria.

SCENE I. *Olivia's house.*

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *the* CLOWN, and MARIA are making merry.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir Toby. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Malvolio. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the

house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir Toby. [*Sings.*] ‘*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*’

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. [*Sings.*] ‘*His eyes do show his days are almost done.*’

Malvolio. Is’t even so?

Sir Toby. [*Sings.*] ‘*But I will never die.*’

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio. This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby. [*Sings.*] ‘*Shall I bid him go?*’

Clown. [*Sings.*] ‘*What an if you do?*’

Sir Toby. [*Sings.*] ‘*Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*’

Clown. [*Sings.*] ‘*O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*’

Sir Toby. Out o’ tune, sir; ye lie. — [*To Malvolio.*] Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth too.

Sir Toby. Thou’rt i’ the right. — [*To Malvolio.*] Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. — A stoup of wine, Maria!

Malvolio. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady’s favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Maria. Go shake your ears.

Sir Andrew. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir Toby. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir Toby. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir Toby. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excel-

lencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby. What wilt thou do?

Maria. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir Toby. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew. I have't in my nose too.

Sir Toby. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir Andrew. O, 't will be admirable!

Maria. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, FABIAN, and MARIA.

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! — Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Here's an overweening rogue!

Fabian. [*Aside.*] O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew. [*Aside.*] 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Peace, I say.

Malvolio. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew. [*Aside.*] Pistol him, pistol him.'

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Peace, peace!

Malvolio. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew. [*Aside.*] Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian. [*Aside.*] O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Malvolio. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Malvolio. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby, —

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Bolts and shackles!

Fabian. [*Aside.*] O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Malvolio. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches, courtesies there to me, —

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Shall this fellow live?

Fabian. [*Aside.*] Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Malvolio. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Malvolio. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,' —

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] What, what?

Malvolio. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Out, scab!

Fabian. [*Aside.*] Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Malvolio. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,' —

Sir Andrew. [*Aside.*] That's me, I warrant you.

Malvolio. 'One Sir Andrew,' —

Sir Andrew. [*Aside.*] I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Malvolio. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fabian. [*Aside.*] Now is the woodcock near the gin.¹

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Malvolio. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and

¹ Gin, trap, snare.

thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir Andrew. [*Aside.*] Her *C*'s, her *U*'s and her *T*'s: why that?

Malvolio. [*Reads.*] '*To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:*'—her very phrases. By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fabian. [*Aside.*] This wins him, liver and all.

Malvolio. [*Reads.*]

'Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—What follows?

The numbers altered!—'*No man must know.'*—

If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolio. [*Reads.*]

'I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fabian. [*Aside.*] A fustian riddle!

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Excellent wench, say I.

Malvolio. '*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'* Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fabian. [*Aside.*] What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] And with what wing the staniel¹ checks at it!

Malvolio. ‘*I may command where I adore.*’ Why she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! *M, O, A, I,* —

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] *O*, aye, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. [*Aside.*] Sowter² will cry upon’t for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio. *M*, — Malvolio; *M*, — why, that begins my name.

Fabian. [*Aside.*] Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio. *M*, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fabian. [*Aside.*] And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby. [*Aside.*] Aye, or I’ll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*

Malvolio. And then *I* comes behind.

Fabian. [*Aside.*] Aye, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio. *M, O, A, I;* this simulation is not as

¹ Hawk.

² A hound.

the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[Reads.] *'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

‘THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.’

Daylight and champain ¹ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance. I will be point-devise ² the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my

¹ A level, open country, a plain.

² Exactly, with utmost precision.

yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! — Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] *'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'*

Jove, I thank thee! — I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fabian. [*Coming out of the box-tree with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*] I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands.

Sir Toby. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir Andrew. So could I too.

Sir Toby. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir Andrew. Nor I neither.

Fabian. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir Toby. [*To Maria.*] Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir Andrew. Or o' mine either?

Sir Toby. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir Toby. Like aqua-vitæ.

Maria. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, — and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, — a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir Toby. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir Andrew. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Olivia. Where is Malvolio?

Maria. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Olivia. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Maria. No, madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.



OLIVIA AND MARIA IN OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Olivia. Go call him hither. — [*Exit Maria.*
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO, with yellow stockings
on, cross-gartered.*

How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, '*Please one, and please all.*'

Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolio. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. — It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Maria. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio. 'Be not afraid of greatness': — 't was well writ.

Olivia. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. 'Some are born great,' —

Olivia. Ha!

Malvolio. 'Some achieve greatness,' —

Olivia. What sayest thou?

Malvolio. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Olivia. Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,' —

Olivia. Thy yellow stockings!

Malvolio. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Olivia. Cross-gartered!

Malvolio. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;' —

Olivia. Am I made?

Malvolio. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Olivia. Why, this is very midsummer madness. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Malvolio. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on

purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Which way is he?

Fabian. Here he is, here he is. — [*To Malvolio.*] How is 't with you, sir? how is't with you man?

Malvolio. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private:¹ go off.

Maria. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Malvolio. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir Toby. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fabian. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Malvolio. Sir!

Sir Toby. Aye, Biddy, come with me.

Maria. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Malvolio. My prayers, minx!

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

¹ Privacy.

Malvolio. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir Toby. Is 't possible?

Fabian. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Toby. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fabian. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Olivia's house.*

MALVOLIO locked in a dark room. Enter the CLOWN.

Clown. [Singing.] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Malvolio. [Calls.] Fool!

Clown. [Sings.] 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Malvolio. Fool!

Clown. [Sings.] 'Alas, why is she so?'

Malvolio. Fool, I say!

Clown. [*Sings.*] '*She loves another*' — Who calls, ha?

Malvolio. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio?

Malvolio. Aye, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Malvolio. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Malvolio. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir?

Malvolio. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Malvolio. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to 't. But tell me true,

are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Malvolio. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Malvolio. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clown. [*Singing.*]

‘*I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I’ll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
You need to sustain.*’

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Olivia’s garden.*

Enter OLIVIA, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.

Olivia. — Fetch Malvolio hither: —
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he’s much distract.

Enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning, but as a madman’s epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Olivia. Open 't, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] '*By the Lord, madam,*' —

Olivia. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.¹

Olivia. [*To Fabian.*] Read it you, sirrah.

Fabian. [*Reads.*] '*By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it; though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

'THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

Olivia. Did he write this?

Clown. Aye, madam.

Olivia. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither, — [*Exit Fabian.*]

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Olivia. How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

¹ A full and loud voice.

Olivia. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Malvolio. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention.
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck ¹ and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Olivia. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content;
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee;

¹ Dupe.

But when we know the grounds and authors
of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fabian. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not;
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled
thee!

Clown. Why, 'some are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this inter-
lude; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am
not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why
laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile
not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time
brings in his revenges.

Olivia. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Clown. [Sings.]

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exeunt.]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

**ADVENTURES OF BOYS BRILLIANT AND
BOLD**

TOM BAILEY'S FIGHT

WHEN I was a boy in school it happened, one afternoon at the close of the session, that my little friend Binny Wallace and I, having got swamped in our Latin exercise, were detained in school for the purpose of refreshing our memories with a page of Mr. Andrews's perplexing irregular verbs. Binny Wallace finishing his task first, was dismissed. I followed shortly after, and, on stepping into the playground, saw my little friend plastered, as it were, up against the fence, and Conway standing in front of him ready to deliver a blow on the upturned, unprotected face, whose gentleness would have stayed any arm but a coward's.

Seth Rodgers, with both hands in his pockets, was leaning against the pump lazily enjoying the sport; but on seeing me sweep across the yard, whirling my strap of books in the air like a sling, he called out lustily, "Lay low, Conway! here's young Bailey!"

Conway turned just in time to catch on his shoulder the blow intended for his head. He reached forward one of his long arms — he had arms like a windmill, that boy — and, grasping me by the hair, tore out quite a respectable

handful. The tears flew to my eyes, but they were not the tears of defeat; they were merely the involuntary tribute which nature paid to the departed tresses.

In a second my jacket lay on the ground, and I stood on guard, resting lightly on my right leg and keeping my eye fixed steadily on Conway's, — in all of which I was faithfully following the instructions of Phil Adams, whose father subscribed to a sporting journal.

Conway also threw himself into a defensive attitude, and there we were, glaring at each other, motionless, neither of us disposed to risk an attack, but both on the alert to resist one. There is no telling how long we might have remained in that absurd position, had we not been interrupted.

It was a custom with the larger pupils to return to the playground after school, and play base-ball until sundown. Just at this crisis a dozen or so of the boys entered the gate, and, seeing at a glance the belligerent status of Conway and myself, dropped bat and ball, and rushed to the spot where we stood.

"Is it a fight?" asked Phil Adams, who saw by our freshness that we had not yet got to work.

"Yes, it's a fight," I answered, "unless Conway will ask Wallace's pardon, promise never to hector me in future, — and put back my hair!"

This last condition was rather a staggerer.

"I sha'n't do nothing of the sort," said Conway sulkily.

"Then the thing must go on," said Adams, with dignity. "Rodgers, as I understand it, is your second, Conway? Bailey, come here. What's the row about?"

"He was thrashing Binny Wallace."

"No, I was n't," interrupted Conway; "but I was going to, because he knows who put Meeks's mortar over our door. And I know well enough who did it; it was that sneaking little mulatter!" — pointing at me.

"O, by George!" I cried, reddening at the insult.

"Cool is the word," said Adams, as he bound a handkerchief round my head, and carefully tucked away the long straggling locks that offered a tempting advantage to the enemy.

"Who ever heard of a fellow with such a head of hair going into action!" muttered Phil, twitching the handkerchief to ascertain if it were securely tied. He then loosened my gallowses (braces), and buckled them tightly above my hips.

"Now, then, bantam, never say die!"

Conway regarded these business-like preparations with evident misgiving, for he called Rodgers to his side, and had himself arrayed in a

similar manner, though his hair was cropped so close that you could n't have taken hold of it with a pair of tweezers.

"Is your man ready?" asked Phil Adams, addressing Rodgers.

"Ready!"

"Keep your back to the gate, Tom," whispered Phil in my ear, "and you'll have the sun in his eyes."

Behold us once more face to face. Look at us as long as you may; for this is all you shall see of the combat. You'll get no description of it from me, simply because I think it would prove very poor reading, and not because I consider my revolt against Conway's tyranny unjustifiable.

I could hardly stand, and could see not at all (having pummelled the school-pump for the last twenty seconds), when Conway retired from the field. As Phil Adams stepped up to shake hands with me, he received a telling blow in the stomach; for all the fight was not out of me yet, and I mistook him for a new adversary.

Convinced of my error, I accepted his congratulations, with those of the other boys, blandly and blindly. Binny Wallace wanted to give me his silver pencil-case. The gentle soul had stood throughout the contest with his face turned to the fence, suffering untold agony.

A good wash at the pump, and a cold key

applied to my eye, refreshed me amazingly. Escorted by two or three of the schoolfellows, I walked home through the pleasant autumn twilight, battered but triumphant. As I went along, my cap cocked on one side to keep the chilly air from my eye, I felt that I was not only following my nose, but following it so closely, that I was in some danger of treading on it. I seemed to have nose enough for the whole party. My left cheek, also, was puffed out like a dumpling. I could n't help saying to myself: "If *this* is victory, how about that other fellow?"

It was early candle-light when we reached the house. Miss Abigail, opening the front door, started back at my hilarious appearance. I tried to smile upon her sweetly, but the smile, rippling over my swollen cheek, and dying away like a spent wave on my nose, produced an expression of which Miss Abigail declared she had never seen the like excepting on the face of a Chinese idol.

She hustled me unceremoniously into the presence of my grandfather in the sitting-room. Captain Nutter, as the recognized professional warrior of our family, could not consistently take me to task for fighting Conway; nor was he disposed to do so; for the Captain was well aware of the long-continued provocation I had endured.

"Ah, you rascal!" cried the old gentleman,

after hearing my story, "just like me when I was young, — always in one kind of trouble or another. I believe it runs in the family."

"I think," said Miss Abigail, without the faintest expression on her countenance, "that a tablespoonful of hot-dro —"

The Captain interrupted Miss Abigail peremptorily, directing her to make a shade out of cardboard and black silk, to tie over my eye. Miss Abigail must have been possessed with the idea that I had taken up pugilism as a profession, for she turned out no fewer than six of these blinders.

"They'll be handy to have in the house," said Miss Abigail, grimly.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, *Story of a Bad Boy*.

TOM BAILEY BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE CENTIPEDES

ONE August vacation I became a member of the Rivermouth Centipedes, a secret society composed of twelve of the Temple Grammar School boys. This was an honour to which I had long aspired, but, being a new boy, I was not admitted to the fraternity until my character had fully developed itself.

It was a very select society, the object of which I never fathomed, though I was an active member of the body during the remainder of my residence

at Rivermouth, and at one time held the onerous position of F.C. — First Centipede.

Each of the elect wore a copper cent (some occult association being established between a cent apiece and a centipede!) suspended by a string round his neck. The medals were worn next the skin, and it was while bathing one day at Grave Point, with Jack Harris and Fred Langdon, that I had my curiosity roused to the highest pitch by a sight of these singular emblems. As soon as I ascertained the existence of a boys' club, of course I was ready to die to join it. And eventually I was allowed to join.

The initiation ceremony took place in Fred Langdon's barn, where I was submitted to a series of trials not calculated to soothe the nerves of a timorous boy. Before being led to the Grotto of Enchantment, — such was the modest title given to the loft over my friend's wood-house, — my hands were securely pinioned, and my eyes covered with a thick silk handkerchief.

At the head of the stairs I was told in an unrecognizable, husky voice, that it was not yet too late to retreat if I felt myself physically too weak to undergo the necessary tortures. I replied that I was not too weak, in a tone which I intended to be resolute, but which, in spite of me, seemed to come from the pit of my stomach.

"It is well!" said the husky voice.

I did not feel so sure about that; but, having made up my mind to be a Centipede, a Centipede I was bound to be. Other boys had passed through the ordeal and lived, why should not I?

A prolonged silence followed this preliminary examination, and I was wondering what would come next, when a pistol fired off close by my ear deafened me for a moment. The unknown voice then directed me to take ten steps forward and stop at the word halt. I took ten steps, and halted.

"Stricken mortal," said a second husky voice, more husky, if possible, than the first, "if you had advanced another inch, you would have disappeared down an abyss three thousand feet deep!"

I naturally shrunk back at this friendly piece of information. A prick from some two-pronged instrument, evidently a pitchfork, gently checked my retreat.

I was then conducted to the brink of several other precipices, and ordered to step over many dangerous chasms, where the result would have been instant death if I had committed the least mistake. I have neglected to say that my movements were accompanied by dismal groans from different parts of the grotto.

Finally, I was led up a steep plank to what appeared to me an incalculable height. Here I

stood breathless while the by-laws were read aloud. A more extraordinary code of laws never came from the brain of man. The penalties attached to the abject being who should reveal any of the secrets of the society were enough to make the blood run cold.

A second pistol-shot was heard, the something I stood on sunk with a crash beneath my feet, and I fell two miles, as nearly as I could compute it. At the same instant the handkerchief was whisked from my eyes, and I found myself standing in an empty hogshead surrounded by twelve masked figures fantastically dressed.

One of the conspirators was really appalling with a tin sauce-pan on his head, and a tiger-skin sleigh-robe thrown over his shoulders. I scarcely need say that there were no vestiges to be seen of the fearful gulfs over which I had passed so cautiously. My ascent had been to the top of the hogshead, and my descent to the bottom thereof.

Holding one another by the hand, and chanting a low dirge, the Mystic Twelve revolved about me. This concluded the ceremony. With a merry shout the boys threw off their masks, and I was declared a regularly installed member of the R.M.C.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, *Story of a Bad Boy.*

WHY THE PETERKINS HAD A LATE DINNER

THE trouble was in the dumb-waiter. All had seated themselves at the dinner-table, and Amanda had gone to take out the dinner she had sent up from the kitchen on the dumb-waiter. But something was the matter; she could not pull it up. There was the dinner, but she could not reach it. All the family, in turn, went and tried; all pulled together in vain; the dinner could not be stirred.

"No dinner!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"I am quite hungry," said Solomon John.

At last Mr. Peterkin said, "I am not proud. I am willing to dine in the kitchen."

This room was below the dining-room. All consented to this. Each one went down, taking a napkin.

The cook laid the kitchen table, put on it her best table-cloth, and the family sat down. Amanda went to the dumb-waiter for the dinner, but she could not move it down.

The family were all in dismay. There was the dinner, half-way between the kitchen and dining-room, and there were they all hungry to eat it!

"What is there for dinner?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Roast turkey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

Mr. Peterkin lifted his eyes to the ceiling.

"Squash, tomato, potato, and sweet potato," Mrs. Peterkin continued.

"Sweet potato!" exclaimed both the little boys.

"I am very glad now that I did not have cranberry," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxious to find a bright point.

"Let us sit down and think about it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I have an idea," said Agamemnon, after a while.

"Let us hear it," said Mr. Peterkin. "Let each one speak his mind."

"The turkey," said Agamemnon, "must be just above the kitchen door. If I had a ladder and an ax, I could cut away the plastering and reach it."

"That is a great idea," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If you think you could do it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Would it not be better to have a carpenter?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"A carpenter might have a ladder and an ax, and I think we have neither," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"A carpenter! A carpenter!" exclaimed the rest.

It was decided that Mr. Peterkin, Solomon John, and the little boys should go in search of a carpenter.

Agamemnon proposed that, meanwhile, he should go and borrow a book, for he had another idea.

"This affair of the turkey," he said, "reminds me of those buried cities that have been dug out, — Herculaneum, for instance."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Elizabeth Eliza, "and Pompeii."

"Yes," said Agamemnon. "They found there pots and kettles. Now, I should like to know how they did it; and I mean to borrow a book and read. I think it was done with a pickax."

So the party set out. But when Mr. Peterkin reached the carpenter's shop there was no carpenter to be found there.

"He must be at his house, eating his dinner," suggested Solomon John.

"Happy man," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, "he has a dinner to eat!"

They went to the carpenter's house, but found he had gone out of town for a day's job. But his wife told them that he always came back at night to ring the nine-o'clock bell.

"We must wait till then," said Mr. Peterkin, with an effort at cheerfulness.

At home he found Agamemnon reading his book and all sat down to hear of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Time passed on, and the question arose about

tea. Would it do to have tea when they had had no dinner? A part of the family thought it would not do; the rest wanted tea.

"I suppose you remember the wise lady of Philadelphia, who was here not long ago?" said Mr. Peterkin.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let us try to think what she would advise us," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I wish she were here," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I think," said Mr. Peterkin, "she would say, let them that want tea have it; the rest can go without."

So they had tea, and, as it proved, all sat down to it. But not much was eaten, as there had been no dinner.

When the nine-o'clock bell was heard, Agamemnon, Solomon John, and the little boys rushed to the church and found the carpenter.

They asked him to bring a ladder, ax, and pickax. As he felt it might be a case of fire he brought also his fire-buckets.

When the matter was explained to him he went into the dining-room, looked into the dumb-waiter, untwisted a cord, and arranged the weight, and pulled up the dinner.

There was a family shout.

"The trouble was in the weight," said the carpenter.

"That is why it is called a dumb-waiter," Solomon John explained to the little boys.

The dinner was put upon the table.

Mrs. Peterkin frugally suggested that they might now keep it for next day, as to-day was almost gone, and they had had tea.

But nobody listened. All sat down to the roast turkey, and Amanda warmed over the vegetables.

"Patient waiters are no losers," said Agamemnon.

LUCRETIA P. HALE, *Peterkin Papers*.

THE PETERKINS CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY

THE day began early.

A compact had been made with the little boys the evening before.

They were to be allowed to usher in the glorious day by the blowing of horns exactly at sunrise. But they were to blow them for precisely five minutes only, and no sound of the horns should be heard afterward till the family were downstairs.

It was thought that a peace might thus be bought by a short, though crowded, period of noise.

The morning came. Even before the morning,

at half-past three o'clock, a terrible blast of the horns aroused the whole family.

Mrs. Peterkin clasped her hands to her head and exclaimed, "I am thankful the lady from Philadelphia is not here!" For she had been invited to stay a week, but had declined to come before the Fourth of July, as she was not well, and her doctor had prescribed quiet.

And the number of the horns was most remarkable! It was as though every cow in the place had arisen and was blowing through both her own horns!

"How many little boys are there? How many have we?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, going over their names one by one mechanically, thinking he would do it, as he might count imaginary sheep jumping over a fence, to put himself to sleep. Alas! the counting could not put him to sleep now, in such a din.

And how unexpectedly long the five minutes seemed! Elizabeth Eliza was to take out her watch and give the signal for the end of the five minutes, and the ceasing of the horns. Why did not the signal come? Why did not Elizabeth Eliza stop them?

And certainly it was long before sunrise; there was no dawn to be seen!

"We will not try this plan again," said Mrs. Peterkin.

“If we live to another Fourth,” added Mr. Peterkin, hastening to the door to inquire into the state of affairs.

Alas! Amanda, — the cook, — by mistake, had waked up the little boys an hour too early. And by another mistake the little boys had invited three or four of their friends to spend the night with them. Mrs. Peterkin had given them permission to have the boys for the whole day, and they understood the day as beginning when they went to bed the night before. This accounted for the number of horns.

It would have been impossible to hear any explanation; but the five minutes were over, and the horns had ceased, and there remained only the noise of a singular leaping of feet, explained perhaps by a possible pillow-fight, that kept the family below partially awake until the bells and cannon made known the dawning of the glorious day, — the sunrise, or “the rising of the sons,” as Mr. Peterkin jocosely called it when they heard the little boys and their friends clattering down the stairs to begin the outside festivities.

They were bound first for the swamp, for Elizabeth Eliza, at the suggestion of the lady from Philadelphia, had advised them to hang some flags around the pillars of the piazza. Now the little boys knew of a place in the swamp where they had been in the habit of digging for “flag-

root," and where they might find plenty of flag flowers.

They did bring away all they could, but they were a little out of bloom. The boys were in the midst of nailing up all they had on the pillars of the piazza, when the procession of the Antiques and Horribles passed along. As the procession saw the festive arrangements on the piazza, and the crowd of boys, who cheered them loudly, it stopped to salute the house with some especial strains of greeting.

Poor Mrs. Peterkin! They were directly under her windows! In a few moments of quiet, during the boys' absence from the house on their visit to the swamp, she had been trying to find out whether she had a sick-headache, or whether it was all the noise, and she was just deciding it was the sick-headache, but was falling into a light slumber, when the fresh noise outside began.

There were the imitations of the crowing of cocks, and braying of donkeys, and the sound of horns, encored and increased by the cheers of the boys. Then began the torpedoes, and the Antiques and Horribles had Chinese crackers also.

And, in despair of sleep, the family came down to breakfast.

Mrs. Peterkin had always been much afraid of fireworks, and had never allowed the boys to bring gunpowder into the house. She was even

afraid of torpedoes; they looked so much like sugar-plums she was sure some of the children would swallow them, and explode before anybody knew it.

She was very timid about other things. She was not sure even about peanuts. Everybody exclaimed over this, "Surely there was no danger in peanuts!" But Mrs. Peterkin declared she had been very much alarmed at the Centennial Exhibition, and in the crowded corners of the streets in Boston, at the peanut stands, where they had machines to roast the peanuts. She did not think it was safe. They might go off any time, in the midst of a crowd of people, too!

Mr. Peterkin thought there actually was no danger, and he should be sorry to give up the peanut. He thought it an American institution, something really belonging to the Fourth of July. He even confessed to a quiet pleasure in crushing the empty shells with his feet on the sidewalks as he went along the streets.

Agamemnon thought it a simple joy.

In consideration, however, of the fact that they had had no real celebration of the Fourth the last year, Mrs. Peterkin had consented to give over the day, this year, to the amusement of the family as a Centennial celebration. She would prepare herself for a terrible noise, — only she did not want any gunpowder brought into the house.

The little boys had begun by firing some torpedoes a few days beforehand, that their mother might be used to the sound, and had selected their horns some weeks before.

Solomon John had been very busy in inventing some fireworks. As Mrs. Peterkin objected to the use of gunpowder, he found out from the dictionary what the different parts of gunpowder are, — saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur. Charcoal, he discovered, they had in the wood-house; saltpetre they would find in the cellar, in the beef barrel; and sulphur they could buy at the apothecary's. He explained to his mother that these materials had never yet exploded in the house, and she was quieted.

Agamemnon, meanwhile, remembered a recipe he had read somewhere for making a "fulminating paste" of iron-filings and powder of brimstone. He had written it down on a piece of paper in his pocket-book. But the iron filings must be finely powdered. This they began upon a day or two before, and the very afternoon before laid out some of the paste on the piazza.

Pin-wheels and rockets were contributed by Mr. Peterkin for the evening. According to a programme drawn up by Agamemnon and Solomon John, the reading of the Declaration of Independence was to take place in the morning, on the piazza, under the flags.

The Bromwicks brought over their flag to hang over the door.

"That is what the lady from Philadelphia meant," explained Elizabeth Eliza. "She said the flags of our country," said the little boys. "We thought she meant 'in the country.'"

Quite a company assembled; but it seemed nobody had a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Elizabeth Eliza said she could say one line, if they each could add as much. But it proved they all knew the same line that she did, as they began:—

"When, in the course of—when, in the course of—when, in the course of human—when, in the course of human events—when, in the course of human events, it becomes—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people"—

They could not get any farther. Some of the party decided that "one people" was a good place to stop, and the little boys sent off some fresh torpedoes in honour of the people. But Mr. Peterkin was not satisfied. He invited the assembled party to stay until sunset, and meanwhile he would find a copy, and torpedoes were to be saved to be fired off at the close of every sentence.

And now the noon bells rang and the noon bells ceased.

Mrs. Peterkin wanted to ask everybody to dinner. She should have some cold beef. She had let Amanda go, because it was the Fourth, and everybody ought to be free that one day; so she could not have much of a dinner. But when she went to cut her beef she found Solomon had taken it to soak, on account of the saltpetre, for the fireworks!

Well, they had a pig; so she took a ham, and the boys had bought tamarinds and buns and a cocoanut. So the company stayed on, and when the Antiques and Horribles passed again they were treated to peanuts and lemonade.

They sang patriotic songs, they told stories, they fired torpedoes, they frightened the cats with them. It was a warm afternoon; the red poppies were out wide, and the hot sun poured down on the alley-ways in the garden. There was a seething sound of a hot day in the buzzing of insects, in the steaming heat that came up from the ground. Some neighbouring boys were firing a toy cannon. Every time it went off Mrs. Peterkin started, and looked to see if one of the little boys was gone.

Mr. Peterkin had set out to find a copy of the "Declaration." Agamemnon had disappeared. She had not a moment to decide about her head-

ache. She asked Ann Maria if she were not anxious about the fireworks, and if rockets were not dangerous. They went up, but you were never sure where they came down.

And then came a fresh tumult! All the fire-engines in town rushed toward them, clanging with bells, men and boys yelling! They were out for a practice, and for a Fourth-of-July show.

Mrs. Peterkin thought the house was on fire, and so did some of the guests. There was great rushing hither and thither. Some thought they would better go home; some thought they would better stay. Mrs. Peterkin hastened into the house to save herself, or see what she could save.

Elizabeth Eliza followed her, first proceeding to collect all the pokers and tongs she could find, because they could be thrown out of the window without breaking. She had read of people who had flung looking-glasses out of the window by mistake, in the excitement of the house being on fire, and had carried the pokers and tongs carefully into the garden. There was nothing like being prepared. She had always determined to do the reverse. So with calmness she told Solomon John to take down the looking-glasses. But she met with a difficulty, — there were no pokers and tongs, as they did not use them. They had no open fires; Mrs. Peterkin had been afraid of them. So Elizabeth Eliza took all the pots and

kettles up to the upper windows, ready to be thrown out.

But where was Mrs. Peterkin? Solomon John found she had fled to the attic in terror. He persuaded her to come down, assuring her it was the most unsafe place; but she insisted upon stopping to collect some bags of old pieces, that nobody would think of saving from the general wreck, she said, unless she did. Alas! this was the result of fireworks on Fourth of July.

As they came downstairs they heard the voices of all the company declaring there was no fire; the danger was past. It was long before Mrs. Peterkin could believe it. They told her the fire company was only out for show, and to celebrate the Fourth of July. She thought it already too much celebrated.

Elizabeth Eliza's kettles and pans had come down through the windows with a crash, — that had only added to the festivities, the little boys thought.

Mr. Peterkin had been roaming about all this time in search of a copy of the Declaration of Independence. The public library was shut, and he had to go from house to house; but now, as the sunset bells and cannon began, he returned with a copy, and read it, to the pealing of the bells and sounding of the cannon. Torpedoes and crackers were fired at every pause. Some sweet-marjoram

pots, tin cans filled with crackers which were lighted, went off with great explosions.

At the most exciting moment, near the close of the reading, Agamemnon, with an expression of terror, pulled Solomon John aside.

"I have suddenly remembered where I read about the 'fulminating paste' we made. It was in the preface to 'Woodstock,' and I have been round to borrow the book to read the directions over again, because I was afraid about the 'paste' going off. READ THIS QUICKLY! and tell me, *Where is the fulminating paste?*"

Solomon John was busy winding some covers of paper over a little parcel. It contained chlorate of potash and sulphur mixed. A friend had told him of the composition. The more thicknesses of paper you put round it the louder it would go off. You must pound it with a hammer. Solomon John felt it must be perfectly safe, as his mother had taken potash for a medicine.

He still held the parcel as he read from Agamemnon's book, "This paste, when it has lain together about twenty-six hours, will *of itself* take fire, and burn all the sulphur away with a blue flame and a bad smell."

"Where is the paste?" repeated Solomon John, in terror.

"We made it just twenty-six hours ago," said Agamemnon.

"We put it on the piazza," exclaimed Solomon John, rapidly recalling the facts, "and it is in front of our mother's feet!"

He hastened to snatch the paste away before it should take fire, flinging aside the packet in his hurry. Agamemnon, jumping upon the piazza at the same moment, trod upon the paper parcel, which exploded at once with the shock, and he fell to the ground, while at the same moment the paste "fulminated" into a blue flame directly in front of Mrs. Peterkin.

It was a moment of great confusion. There were cries and screams. The bells were still ringing, the cannon firing, and Mr. Peterkin had just reached the closing words, "Our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

"We are all blown up, as I feared we should be," Mrs. Peterkin at length ventured to say, finding herself in a lilac-bush by the side of the piazza. She scarcely dared to open her eyes to see the scattered limbs about her.

It was so with all. Even Ann Maria Bromwick clutched a pillar of the piazza, with closed eyes.

At length Mr. Peterkin said, calmly, "Is anybody killed?"

There was no reply. Nobody could tell whether it was because everybody was killed, or because they were too wounded to answer. It was a great while before Mrs. Peterkin ventured to move.

But the little boys soon shouted with joy, and cheered the success of Solomon John's fireworks, and hoped he had some more. One of them had his face blackened by an unexpected cracker, and Elizabeth Eliza's muslin dress was burned here and there. But no one was hurt; no one had lost any limbs, though Mrs. Peterkin was sure she had seen some flying in the air. Nobody could understand how, as she had kept her eyes firmly shut.

No greater accident had occurred than the singeing of the tip of Solomon John's nose. But there was an unpleasant and terrible odour from the "fulminating paste."

Mrs. Peterkin was extricated from the lilac-bush. No one knew how she got there. Indeed, the thundering noise had stunned everybody. It had roused the neighbourhood even more than before. Answering explosions came on every side, and, though the sunset light had not faded away, the little boys hastened to send off rockets under cover of the confusion. Solomon John's other fireworks would not go off. But all felt he had done enough.

Mrs. Peterkin retreated into the parlour, deciding she really did have a headache. At times she had to come out when a rocket went off, to see if it was one of the little boys. She was exhausted by the adventures of the day, and almost thought it could not have been worse if the boys

had been allowed gunpowder. The distracted lady was thankful there was likely to be but one Centennial Fourth in her lifetime, and declared she should never more keep anything in the house as dangerous as saltpetred beef, and she should never venture to take another spoonful of potash.

LUCRETIA P. HALE, *Peterkin Papers*.

HANDY ANDY GOES FOR THE HORSE

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way. Disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends; so the nickname the neighbours stuck upon him was "Handy Andy," and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and he was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to those who would accept them; but they were only the persons who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or "Owen of the horses," as he was called because he bred many of these animals and sold them at the neighbouring fairs.

Andy one day offered his services to Owny, when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom" as low grounds by a riverside are called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.

"Troth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I could n't ketch, sir," said Andy.

"Why, you little spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."

"O, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"

"Bekase I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"

"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, anyhow, and so go on, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a wisp o' hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."

"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now take care," said Owny, "that you are able to ride that horse if you get on him."

"Oh, niver fear, sir. I can ride ould Lanty Gubbins' mule bettther nor any o' the boys on the

common, and he could n't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that you may ride anything," said Owny: and indeed it was true, for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common, being ridden slyly by all the young vagabonds in the neighbourhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers, that it might well be considered a feat to stick on him.

"Now, take great care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.

"Don't be afeared, sir," said Andy, starting on his errand.

The river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, so he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream.

Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Paudeen, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse. So he looked about the place until he found him, and telling him the errand on which he was going, said: —

"If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride."

This was temptation sufficient for Paudeen, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. Then Paudeen, catching Andy's left foot in both

his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, hoisted his friend on the horse's back, and, as soon as he was secure there, Master Paudeen, by the aid of Andy's hand, contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heel to the horse's side, with many vigorous kicks, and crying, "Hurrup!" at the same time, turned the horse's head toward the mill.

"Sure, arn't you going to crass the river?" said Paudeen.

"No; I'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I'd rather go up to Owny's; and it's the shortest way across the river."

"Yes, but I don't like."

"Is it afeared that you are?" said Paudeen.

"Not I, indeed," said Andy, — though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him. — "But Owny told me to take grate care o' the baste, and I'm loath to wet his feet."

"Go 'long wid you, you fool! what harm would it do him? Sure he's neither sugar nor salt that he'd melt."

"Well, I won't anyhow," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good high trot that shook every word of argument out of Paudeen's body. Besides it was as much as the boys could do to keep their seats on Owny's steed, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge.

Here voice and halter were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure at a quiet pace. Whether the pair of legs on each side sticking into his flanks, (and perhaps the horse was ticklish,) made him go the faster, we know not, but the horse charged the bridge like a war-horse with an enemy before him. And in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge, that did not bend beneath him.

No, it did not *bend*, but it broke! proving the falsehood of the boast, "I may break, but I won't bend"; for after all the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever. It is the unsound that has only the seeming of strength, which breaks at last when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the boys took over the ears of the horse. Plump they went into the river, where each formed his own ring, and executed some comical "scenes in the circle" which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord," that Dinny Dowling threw to the performers. He dragged the boys out of the water, and for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them an enormous thrashing with the *dry* end of the rope, just to restore circulation.

As for the horse, his legs stuck through the bridge, and he went playing away with his feet

on the water, as if he were accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were employed to pull him out, and he was rescued with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair.

Of course Andy did not venture on taking Owny's horse home, so the miller sent him to his owner with an account of the accident. Andy for years kept out of Owny Doyle's way, and at any time that the boy's presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say; "Is n't that Owny Doyle coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life.

SAMUEL LOVER, *Handy Andy*.

HANDY ANDY WAITS ON THE SQUIRE

WHEN Andy grew up to be "a brave lump of a boy" his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the Squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house among a crowd of beggars, and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight o' the Squire afore he wint out, or afore he wint in."

After spending her entire day in this idle way,

at last the Squire made his appearance and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, — that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, — making his obeisance to the Squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the “handiest craythur alive, — and so willin’, — nothin’ comes wrong to him.”

“I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?” said the Squire.

“Troth, an’ your honour, that’s just it, — if your honour would be plazed.”

“What can he do?”

“Anything, your honour.”

“That means *nothing*, I suppose,” said the Squire.

“Oh! no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do.”

To every one of these assurances on his mother’s part, Andy made a bow and a scrape.

“Can he take care of horses?”

“The best of care, sir,” said the mother; while the miller who was standing behind the Squire, waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

“Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we’ll see what we can do.”

"May the Lord," —

"That'll do, — there, now go."

"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and," —

"Will you go?"

"And may the angels make your honour's bed this blessed night, I pray."

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, for there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment. Andy's boldness in this capacity soon made him a favourite with the Squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it *was* brushed.

One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the Squire, who had just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.

"It's me, sir."

"Oh — Andy! Come in."

"Here's the hot water, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what makes you bring that enormous tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating.

In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said:—

"The maids in the kitchen, your honour, say there's not so much hot water ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hand?"

"Yis, sir, but that's not nigh the full of the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."

"Will the can do, sir?"

"Aye, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir?"

"Throw this out," said the Squire handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The Squire stared with wonder, and at last said:—

"What did you do that for?"

"Sure you *tould* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the Squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

SAMUEL LOVER, *Handy Andy*.

HANDY ANDY GOES FOR THE MAIL

"RIDE into town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire one day to our hero.

"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure, I'd find out, sir."

"Did n't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yis, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be throublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the Squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post office. You know the post office, I suppose?"

"Yis, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

“You’re right for once,” said the Squire. “Go then to the post office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember — not gunpowder, but a letter.”

“Yis, sir,” said Andy, who got astride of his hack and trotted away to the post office.

On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said: —

“I want a letther, sir, if you plaze.”

“Who do you want it for?” said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

“I want a letther, sir, if you plaze.”

“And who do you want it for?” repeated the postmaster.

“What’s that to you?” said Andy.

The postmaster laughing at his simplicity told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

“The directions I got was to get a letther here — that’s the directions.”

“Who gave you those directions?”

“The masther.”

“And who’s your master?”

“What consarn is that o’ yours?”

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence!" said Andy, "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis, have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy, "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letter, adding; "Have you got one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one. "Fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the

postmaster, "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Did n't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? And now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No: but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkum to be sure, sure; — but don't be delayin' me now. Here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person, and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting his head in the middle of the customers, and saying: —

"Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for about half an hour, in defiance of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire in the mean time was getting im-

patient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I have n't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He would n't give it to me, sir."

"Who would n't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town, — wanting to charge me double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why did n't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah! sir! why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you stupid thief, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond."

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a large parcel

that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and, holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his

broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying:—

“Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence I brought your honour the worth o’ your money anyhow.”

And Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the Squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

SAMUEL LOVER, *Handy Andy*.

SELLING THE HORSES

AS RELATED BY THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

I

MOSES’ BARGAIN

As we were now about to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife proposed that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife per-

suaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

“No, my dear,” said she, “our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.”

As I had some opinion of my son’s prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins.

The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of a gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon.

We all followed him several paces from the door bawling after him, “Good luck! Good luck!” till we could see him no longer.

The day passed by, and as it began to grow dark, I wondered what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant that we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day! I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing, — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Aye, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two-pence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then, —"

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." —

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." —

"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to

bring me such stuff! if I had them I would throw them in the fire."

"There, again, you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception.

He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for our neighbour, Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

II

MY BARGAIN

OUR son Moses having met with so mortifying a misfortune, and having failed to return with the money necessary to relieve our household anxieties, we debated in full family council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye. It was therefore determined that we should dispose of him at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.

Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was most in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for

some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him. A second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home. A third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money. A fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts. A fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel.

By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right.

I was in this mortifying situation when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up; and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house. I readily closed with the offer, and entering we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of

silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence.

However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man, "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this, I wish it were more: but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to soon be back; adding that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible.

The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most

respectfully demanded if I was in any way related to the great Primrose who had been the bulwark of the Church.

Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, whom you have been pleased to call great."

"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir, I beg pardon."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."

"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold, —" I here interrupted what he was going to say, for though as an author I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more.

We talked upon several subjects and his conversation was sufficient to show me that he was a man of learning, and I now revered him the more. The subject insensibly changed from learned topics to the business which brought us

both to the fair. Mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and, very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants.

My horse was soon produced; and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

“Here, Abraham,” cried he, “go and get gold for this; you’ll do it at neighbour Jackson’s or anywhere.”

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve by deploring also the great scarcity of gold, so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it.

This was a very great disappointment to us all, but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour, “If that be the case,” then returned he, “I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at

sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together."

A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money. The draft was signed, and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late.

I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I. "Ephraim Jenkinson?"

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, — the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning?"

To this I replied with a groan.

“Aye,” continued he, “he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company. But I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.”

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master’s visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *Vicar of Wakefield*.

TALES OF BEASTS AND BIRDS
BAD AND BLITHE

HOW BROTHER RABBIT FRIGHTENED HIS NEIGHBOURS

"IN dem days," said Uncle Remus to the little boy, "de creeturs wuz same lak folks. Dey had der ups en dey had der downs; dey had der hard times, and dey had der saf' times. Some seasons der craps 'ud be good, en some seasons dey'd be bad. Brer Rabbit, he far'd lak de res' un um. W'at he'd make, dat he'd spen'. One season he tuck'n made a fine chance er goobers, en he 'low, he did, dat ef dey fetch 'im anywhars nigh de money w'at he 'speck dey would, he go ter town en buy de truck w'at needcessity call fer.

"He ain't no sooner say dat dan ole Miss Rabbit, she vow, she did, dat it be a scannul en a shame ef he don't whirl in en git sevin tin cups fer de chil-luns fer ter drink out'n, en sevin tin plates fer 'm fer ter sop out'n, en a coffee-pot fer de fambly. Brer Rabbit say dat des zackly w'at he gwine do, en he 'low, he did, dat he gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday.

"Brer Rabbit wa'n't mo'n out'n de gate 'fo' Miss Rabbit, she slap on 'er bonnet, she did, en rush 'cross ter Miss Mink house, en she ain't bin dar a minnit 'fo' she up'n tell Miss Mink dat Brer Rabbit done promise ter go ter town We'n'sday

comin' en git de chilluns sump'n'. Co'se, w'en Mr. Mink come home, Miss Mink she up 'n 'low she want ter know w'at de reason he can't buy sump'n' fer his chilluns same ez Brer Rabbit do fer his'n, en dey quo'll en quo'll des lak folks.

"Atter dat Miss Mink she kyar de news ter Miss Fox, en den Brer Fox he tuck'n got a rakin' over de coals. Miss Fox she tell Miss Wolf, en Miss Wolf she tell Miss B'ar, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' ev'ybody in dem diggin's know dat Brer Rabbit gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday fer ter git his chilluns sump'n'; en all de yuther creeturs' chilluns ax der ma w'at de reason der pa can't git *dem* sump'n'. So dar it went.

"Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar, dey make up der mines, dey did, dat ef dey gwine ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit, dat wuz de time, en dey fix up a plan dat dey'd lay fer Brer Rabbit en nab 'im w'en he come back fum town. Dey tuck'n make all der 'rangerments, en wait fer de day.

"Sho' nuff, w'en We'n'sday come, Brer Rabbit e't he brekkus 'fo' sun-up, en put out fer town. He tuck'n got hisse'f a dram, en a plug er ter-barker, en a pocket-hankcher, en he got de ole 'oman a coffee-pot, en he got de chillun sevin tin cups en sevin tin plates, en den todes sundown he start back home. He walk 'long, he did, feelin' mighty biggity, but bimeby w'en he git sorter

tired, he sot down und' a black-jack tree, en 'gun to fan hisse'f wid one er der platters.

"Wiles he doin' dis a little bit er teenchy sap-sucker run up 'n down de tree en keep on makin' mighty quare fuss. Atter w'ile Brer Rabbit tuck 'n shoo at 'im wid de platter. Seem lak dis make de teenchy little sap-sucker mighty mad, en he rush out on a lim' right over Brer Rabbit, en he sing out: —

" *'Pilly-pee, pilly-wee!*
I see w'at he no see!
I see, pilly-pee,
I see, w'at he no see!"

"He keep on singin' dis, he did, twel Brer Rabbit 'gun ter look 'roun', en he ain't no sooner do dis dan he see marks in de san' whar sum un done bin dar 'fo' 'im, en he look little closer en den he see w'at de sap-sucker drivin' at. He scratch his head, Brer Rabbit did, en he 'low ter hisse'f: —

"'Ah-yi! Yer whar Brer Fox bin settin', en dar de print er he nice bushy tail. Yer whar Brer Wolf bin settin', en dar de print er he fine long tail. Yer whar Brer B'ar bin squattin' on he hunkers, en dar de print w'ich he ain't got no tail. Dey er all bin yer, en I lay dey er hidin' out in de big gully down dar in de holler."

"Wid dat, ole man Rab tuck 'n put he truck in de bushes, en den he run 'way 'roun' fer ter see

w'at he kin see. Sho 'nuff, w'en Brer Rabbit git over agin de big gully down in de holler, dar dey wuz. Brer Fox, he 'uz on one side er de road, en Brer Wolf 'uz on de t'er side; en ole Brer B'ar he 'uz quiled up in de gully takin' a nap.

"Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n peep at um, he did, en he lick he foot en roach back he h'ar, en den hol' his han's 'cross he mouf en laff lak some chil-luns does w'en dey t'ink dey er foolin' der ma.

"Brer Rabbit, he seed um all dar, en he tuck'n grin, he did, en den he lit out ter whar he done lef' he truck, en w'en he git dar he dance 'roun' en slap hisse'f on de leg, en make all sorts er kuse motions. Den he go ter wuk en tu'n de coffee-pot upside down en stick it on he head; den he run he gallus ¹ thoo de han'les er de cups, en sling um crosst he shoulder; den he 'vide de platters, some in one han' en some in de yuther. Atter he git good en ready, he crope ter de top er de hill, he did, en tuck a runnin' start, en flew down like a harry-cane — *rickety, rackets, slambang!*

"Bless yo' soul, dem creeturs ain't year no fuss lak dat, en dey ain't seed no man w'at look lak Brer Rabbit do, wid de coffee-pot on he head, en de cups a-rattlin' on he gallus, en de platters a-wavin' en a-shinnin' in de a'r.

"Now, mine you, ole Brer B'ar wuz layin' off up de gully takin' a nap, en de fuss skeer 'im so bad

¹ Suspenders.

dat he make a break' en run over Brer Fox. He rush out in de road, he did, en w'en he see de sight, he whirl 'roun' en run over Brer Wolf. Wid der scramblin' en der scufflin', Brer Rabbit got right on um 'fo' dey kin git away. He holler out, he did:—

“‘Gimme room! Tu’n me loose! I’m ole man Spewter-Splutter wid long claws, en scales on my back! I’m snaggle-toofed en double-j’inted! Gimme room!’

“Eve’y time he’d fetch a whoop, he’d rattle de cups en slap de platters tergedder — *rickety, rickety, slambang!* En I let you know w’en dem creeturs got dey lim’s tergedder dey split de win’, dey did dat. Ole Brer B’ar, he struck a stump w’at stan’ in de way, en I ain’t gwine tell you how he to’ it up ‘kase you won’t b’leeve me, but de nex’ mawnin’ Brer Rabbit en his chilluns went back dar, dey did, en dey got nuff splinters fer ter make um kin’lin’ wood all de winter. Yasser! Des ez sho’ ez I’m a-settin’ by dish yer ha’t’h.”

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, *Nights with Uncle Remus*.

BROTHER RABBIT'S ASTONISHING PRANK

“ONE time,” said Uncle Remus to the little boy, “ole Brer Rabbit sorter tuck a notion, he did, dat he’d pay Brer B’ar a call, en no sooner do de

notion strike 'im dan he pick hisse'f up en put out fer Brer B'ar house.

"Brer Rabbit make he call w'en Brer B'ar en his fambly wuz off fum home. He sot down by de road, en he see um go by, — ole Brer B'ar en ole Miss B'ar, en der two twin-chilluns, w'ich one un um wuz name Kubs en de 't'er one wuz name Klibs.

"Ole Brer B'ar en Miss B'ar, dey went 'long ahead, en Kubs en Klibs, dey come shufflin' en scramblin' 'long behime. W'en Brer Rabbit see dis, he say ter hisse'f dat he 'speck he better go see how Brer B'ar gittin' on; en off he put. En 'twa'n't long n'er 'fo' he 'uz ransackin' de premuses same like he 'uz sho' 'nuff patter-roller.¹

"W'iles he wuz gwine 'roun' peepin' in yer en pokin' in dar, he got ter foolin' 'mong de shelves, en a bucket er honey w'at Brer B'ar got hid in de cubbud fall down en spill on top er Brer Rabbit, en little mo'n he'd er bin drown. Fum head ter heels dat creetur wuz kiver'd wid honey; he wa'n't des only bedobble wid it, he wuz des kiver'd. He hatter set dar en let de natal sweetness drip outen he eyeballs 'fo' he kin see he han' befo' 'im, en den, atter he look 'roun' little, he say to hisse'f, sezee: —

"“Heyo, yer! W'at I gwine do now? Ef I go out in de sunshine, de bumly-bees en de flies dey'll

¹ Patrol.

swom up 'n take me, en if I stay yer, Brer B'ar'll come back en ketch me, en I dunner w'at in de name er gracious I gwine do.'

"Ennyhow, bimeby a notion strike Brer Rabbit, en he tip 'long twel he git in de woods, en w'en he git out dar, w'at he do but roll in de leafs en trash en try fer ter rub de honey off'n 'im dat a-way. He roll, he did, en de leafs dey stick; Brer Rabbit roll, en de leafs dey stick, en he keep on rollin' en de leafs keep on stickin', twel atter w'ile Brer Rabbit wuz de mos' owdashus-lookin' creetur w'at you ever sot eyes on.

"Brer Rabbit, he jump 'roun', he did, en try ter shake de leafs off'n 'im, but de leafs, dey aint gwine ter be shuck off. Brer Rabbit, he shake en he shiver, but de leafs dey stick; en de capers dat creetur cut up out dar in de woods by he own-alone se'f wuz scan'lous — dey wuz dat; dey wuz scan'lous.

"Brer Rabbit see dis wa'n't gwine ter do, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he better be gittin' on todes home, en off he put. I 'speck you done year talk ez deze yer booggers w'at gits atter bad chilluns," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone so seriously confidential as to be altogether depressing; "well, den, des 'zactly dat a-way Brer Rabbit look, en ef you'd er seed 'im you'd er made sho' he de gran'-daddy er all de booggers.

"Brer Rabbit pace 'long, he did, en ev'y motion

he made, de leafs dey 'd go *swishy-swushy, splashy-splishy*, en, fum de fuss he make en de way he look, you 'd er tuck 'im ter be de mos' suvvigus varment w'at disappear fum de face er de yeth sence old man Noah let down de draw-bars er de ark en tu'n de creeturs loose; en I boun' ef you 'd er struck up long wid 'im, you 'd er been mighty good en glad ef you 'd er got off wid dat.

"Des fus' man w'at Brer Rabbit come up wid wuz ole Sis Cow, en no sooner is she lay eyes on 'im dan she hi'st up 'er tail in de elements, en put out like a pack er dogs wuz atter 'er. Dis make Brer Rabbit laff, kaze he know dat w'en a ole settle' 'oman like Sis Cow run 'stracted in de broad open day-time, dat dey mus' be sump'n' mighty kuse 'bout dem leafs en dat honey, en he keep on a-rackin' down de road.

"De nex' man w'at he meet wuz a black gal tollin' ¹ a whole passel er plantation shotes,² en w'en de gal see Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long, she fling down 'er basket er corn en des fa'rly fly, en de shotes, dey tuck thoo de woods, en sech n'er racket ez dey kick up wid der runnin', en der snortin', en der squealin' ain't never bin year in dat settlement needer befo' ner since. Hit keep on dis a-way long ez Brer Rabbit meet anybody—dey des broke en run like de Ole Boy wuz atter um.

"C'ose dis make Brer Rabbit feel monst'us big-

¹ Dropping corn.

² Young pigs.

gity, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he 'speck he better drap 'roun' en skummish in de neighbourhoods er Brer Fox house. En w'iles he wuz stannin' dar runnin' dis 'roun' in he min', yer come ole Brer B'ar en all er he fambly. Brer Rabbit, he git crossways de road, he did, en he sorter sidle todes um. Ole Brer B'ar, he stop en look, but Brer Rabbit, he keep on sidlin' todes um. Ole Miss B'ar, she stan' it long ez she kin, en den she fling down 'er parrysol en tuck a tree.

“Brer B'ar look lak he gwine ter stan' his groun', but Brer Rabbit he jump straight up in de a'r en gin hisse'f a shake, en, bless yo' soul, honey! ole Brer B'ar make a break, en dey tells me he to' down a whole panel er fence gittin' 'way fum dar. En ez ter Kubs en Klibs, dey tuck der hats in der han's, en dey went skaddlin' thoo de bushes des same ez a drove er hosses.

“Brer Rabbit p'rated on down de road, en bimeby yer come Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, fixin' up a plan fer ter nab Brer Rabbit, en dey wuz so intents on der confab dat dey got right on Brer Rabbit 'fo' dey seed 'im; but, gentermens! w'en dey is ketch a glimpse un 'im, dey gun 'im all de room he want. Brer Wolf, he try ter show off, he did, kase he wanter play big 'fo' Brer Fox, en he stop en ax Brer Rabbit who is he. Brer Rabbit, he jump up en down in de middle er de road, en holler out:—

“‘I ’m de Wull-er-de-Wust. I ’m de Wull-er-de-Wust, en youer de man I ’m atter!’

“Den Brer Rabbit jump up en down en make lak he gwine atter Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en de way dem creeturs lit out fum dar wuz a caution.

“Long time atter dat, Brer Rabbit come up wid Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en he git behime a stump, Brer Rabbit did, en holler out: —

“‘I ’m de Wull-er-de-Wust, en youer de mens I ’m atter!’

“Brer Fox an Brer Wolf, dey broke, but ’fo’ dey got outer sight en outer year’n’ Brer Rabbit show hisse’f, he did, en laugh fit ter kill hisse’f.”

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, *Nights with Uncle Remus*.

A MAD TEA-PARTY

As Alice passed on she came in sight of an odd-looking house, and when she came nearer she saw that there was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

“Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,” thought Alice; “only as it’s asleep, I suppose it does n’t mind.”

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it.

"No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea.

"I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There is n't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it was n't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It was n't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I did n't know it was *your* table," said Alice: "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought

Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which was n't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket,

and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said: "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter would n't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled; "you should n't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and does n't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's

remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes: "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I have n't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then — I should n't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare), — "it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

*'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'*

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

*'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle —' "*

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh; "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I was n't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," ¹ said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They could n't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked. "They'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much; so she went on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

¹ Molasses.

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone; "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went, "Sh! Sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all, this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously, "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was

getting very sleepy; “and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —”

“Why with an M?” said Alice.

“Why not?” said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on, “— that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are ‘much of a muchness’ — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness!”

“Really, now you ask me,” said Alice, very much confused, “I don’t think —”

“Then you should n’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

“At any rate I’ll never go *there* again!” said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. “It’s the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!”

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

ALICE and the Queen came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered"; and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen; so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes; then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight; then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

"What *is* the fun?" said Alice.

"Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, that; they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!"

"Everybody says 'come on!' here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it; "I never was so ordered about before, in all my life, never!"

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply.

“What is his sorrow?” she asked the Gryphon. And the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, “It’s all his fancy, that; he has n’t got no sorrow, you know. Come on!”

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

“This here young lady,” said the Gryphon, “she wants for to know your history, she do.”

“I’ll tell it her,” said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone. “Sit down, both of you, and don’t speak a word till I’ve finished.”

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, “I don’t see how he can *ever* finish, if he does n’t begin.” But she waited patiently.

“Once,” said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, “I was a real Turtle.”

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of, “Hjckrrh!” from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, “Thank you, Sir! for your interesting story,” but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

“When we were little,” the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, “we went to school in the sea.

The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —”

“Why did you call him Tortoise, if he was n’t one?” Alice asked.

“We called him Tortoise because he taught us,” said the Mock Turtle angrily. “Really you are very dull!”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,” added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, “Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be all day about it!” and he went on in these words: —

“Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you may n’t believe it —”

“I never said I did n’t!” interrupted Alice.

“You did,” said the Mock Turtle.

“Hold your tongue!” added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on: —

“We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day —”

“*I’ve* been to a day-school, too,” said Alice. “You need n’t be so proud as all that.”

“With extras?” asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

“Yes,” said Alice; “we learned French and music.”

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours was n't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now, at *ours*, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing — extra.'"

"You could n't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I could n't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully; "it means — to — make — anything — prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it; so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle

replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, — “Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling — the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.”

“What was *that* like?” said Alice.

“Well, I can’t show it you, myself,” the Mock Turtle said; “I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.”

“Had n’t time,” said the Gryphon: “I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.”

“I never went to him,” the Mock Turtle said with a sigh. “He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.”

“So he did, so he did,” said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

“And how many hours a day did you do lessons?” said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

“Ten hours the first day,” said the Mock Turtle; “nine the next, and so on.”

“What a curious plan!” exclaimed Alice.

“That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked; “because they lessen from day to day.”

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next

remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone. "Tell her something about the games now."

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon; and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:—

"You may not have lived much under the sea —" ("I have n't," said Alice.) — "and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster —" (Alice began to say, "I once tasted —" but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never.") "— so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore —"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals,

turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way —"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"— you advance twice —"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said; "advance twice, set to partners —"

"— change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the —"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"— as far out to sea as you can —"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and — that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly: —

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,

"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be

When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters out to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

*"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
 "There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
 The farther off from England the nearer is to France —
 Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the
 dance?"
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the
 dance?"*

"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last; "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they — you've seen them of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn —" she checked herself hastily.

"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle; "but, if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like?"

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths — and they're all over crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle; "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is —" here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes. "Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they

got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes,*" the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied, rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I 'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please! We don't want *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said. "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Would n't it, really?" said Alice, in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle. "Why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone.

Then he added, "Come let's change the subject. I should like to hear you try and repeat something. Tell her to begin."

He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat, '*T is the voice of the sluggard*,'" said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice. "I might just as well be at school at once." However, she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster-Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying; and the words came very queer indeed: —

*“‘T is the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare,
‘You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.’
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark;
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.”*

“That’s different from what *I* used to say when I was a child,” said the Gryphon.

“Well, *I* never heard it before,” said the Mock Turtle; “but it sounds uncommon nonsense.”

Alice said nothing; she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

“I should like to have it explained,” said the Mock Turtle.

“She can’t explain it,” said the Gryphon hastily. “Go on with the next verse.”

“But about his toes?” the Mock Turtle persisted. “How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?”

“It’s the first position in dancing,” Alice said; but she was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

“Go on with the next verse,” the Gryphon repeated; “it begins, ‘*I passed by his garden.*’”

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice: —

*"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie;
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon;
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by ——"*

"What is the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard!"

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you another song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her '*Turtle Soup*,' will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice choked with sobs, to sing this: —

*"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau — ootiful Soo — oop!
Beau — ootiful Soo — oop!"*

*Soo — oop of the e — e — evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!*

*“Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?*

*Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?*

Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?

Beau — ootiful Soo — oop!

Beau — ootiful Soo — oop!

*Soo — oop of the e — e — evening,
Beautiful, beauti — FUL SOUP!”*

“Chorus again!” cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of, “The trial’s beginning!” was heard in the distance.

“Come on!” cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

“What trial is it?” Alice panted as she ran: but the Gryphon only answered, “Come on!” and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words: —

*“Soo — oop of the e — e — evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!”*

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEARL

A BIRD-CATCHER once spread his nets and caught a little nightingale. He was about to wring its neck, when the bird said to him: —

“What good will it do you to kill me? I am too small to eat. Let me go, and I will give you three bits of wisdom, that will be of great benefit, if you follow them carefully.”

Astonished at hearing the bird speak, the man promised it liberty in return for its good advice.

“Hear then, O man,” it said, “these are the bits of wisdom. First: never try to do things that cannot be done. Secondly: never grieve over that which is lost beyond recovery. Thirdly: never believe what is impossible.”

The man, on hearing this, faithful to his promise, let the bird go. Winging its way through the air it sang a most exquisite melody, and, having finished, it said to the bird-catcher: —

“Truly you are a silly fellow! This day you have lost a great treasure! Know that in my stomach is a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich.”

When the bird-catcher heard this he was filled with vexation at having let the bird go, and he immediately spread his nets again, and tried to catch it a second time.

“Come, little bird!” cried he, “come to me! and I will feed you with dainty morsels, and let you fly about anywhere you wish.”

“You must take me for a fool!” answered the bird. “And you certainly are not following my three rules. You are trying to snare me again

when it cannot be done! You are grieving because you have lost me forever. And you believe that my little stomach contains a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich when my whole body is not nearly so large. A fool you are, and a fool you will always remain!"

And with that the nightingale flew away, and was gone forever.

Gesta Romanorum.

THE FOOLISH BRAHMIN

A FABLE OF PILPA

A PIOUS Brahmin, it is written, made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and on the appointed morning he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighbourhood three rogues who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it.

The first met him and said, "O Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice."

"It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day."

Then the impostor opened a bag, and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind.

Thereon the Brahmin cried out, "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue, callest thou that cur a sheep?"

"Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. O Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods."

"Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Praise be the gods," said this second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?"

When the Brahmin heard this, his mind waved to and fro, like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the new comer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur."

"O Brahmin," said the new comer, "thou art drunk or mad."

At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say."

To this the others agreed, and the Brahmin called out, "O Stranger, what dost thou call this beast?"

"Surely, O Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep."

Then the Brahmin said, "surely the gods have taken away my senses!" And he asked pardon of

him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee, and offered it up to the gods; who being wroth at this unclean sacrifice smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS

A FABLE

HERETOFORE a good monarch reigned in Persia, whose genius being not quite extensive enough to govern his kingdom of himself, he left that care to his Grand Vizier Atalmuc; a man of superior capacity, who supported the weight of that vast monarchy without stooping, and maintained it in profound peace. He had even the art of making the royal authority loved, as well as feared; and the subjects enjoyed an affectionate father in a Vizier, who was faithful to his prince.

Atalmuc had among his secretaries a young Cashmerian, called Zeangir, whom he loved more than all the others. He took pleasure in his conversation, carried him in his company to the chase, and even disclosed to him his most secret thoughts.

One day while they hunted together in a wood, the Vizier seeing two ravens croaking on a tree, said to his secretary: —

"I wish I knew what these birds are talking of in their language."

"Signior," answered the Cashmerian, "your wish may be accomplished."

"How can that be?" replied Atalmuc.

"A cabalistic dervish," said Zeangir, "taught me the language of birds. If you please I will listen to these and repeat to you verbatim everything that I shall hear."

The Vizier consented, and the Cashmerian approaching the ravens seemed to lend an attentive ear to their discourse, after which returning to his master, "Signior," he said, "would you believe it? We are the subject of their conversation."

"Impossible!" cried the Persian minister, "what can they say of us?"

"One of them," replied the secretary, "said, 'Behold the Grand Vizier Atalmuc in person, that tutelary eagle who covers Persia like a nest with his wings and incessantly watches for its preservation. As a relaxation from his painful toils he hunts in this wood with his faithful Zeangir. How happy is that secretary in serving a master that has so much affection for him!' 'Softly!' said the other raven, 'softly! don't too much extol the happiness of that Cashmerian. Atalmuc, it is true, converses familiarly with him, honours him with his confidence, and, I don't doubt, in-

tends to give him a considerable post; but before that happens Zeangir will die of hunger. That poor devil lodges in a small paltry room, where he is in want of the common necessities of life. In a word, he lives in a miserable manner, though nobody at court perceives it. The Grand Vizier never thinks of inquiring into his circumstances; but, content with entertaining favourable sentiments in his behalf, leaves him in the meantime a prey to poverty.’”

When the Grand Vizier Atalmuc heard this tale he laughed heartily, and, on returning to his palace, loaded Zeangir with wealth and favours.

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE, *Gil Blas*.

THE ACTOR AND THE PIG

A FABLE OF PHÆDRUS

THE inhabitants of a certain city being assembled in public to see pantomimes, there was among the performers a favourite actor whom they applauded every moment. This buffoon, having a mind to close the scene with a new kind of representation, appeared alone upon the stage, stooped down covering his head with his cloak, and, squeaking like a pig, acquitted himself so well that the audience actually imagined he had one under his clothes. They ordered him therefore to strip, which he having done and nothing

appearing, the whole assembly thundered applause.

A peasant who happened to be one of the spectators, shocked at these expressions of admiration, cried: —

“Gentlemen, you have no cause to be charmed with that buffoon, who is not such an exquisite actor as you imagine. I can play the pig better than he, and, if you doubt it, come hither again to-morrow at this hour.”

The people, prepossessed in favour of their pantomimes, reassembled next day in greater numbers, rather to hiss the peasant than see what he could do.

The two rivals appearing on the stage, the buffoon began and was applauded more than ever. Then the countryman, stooping in his turn and muffling his head in his cloak, pinched the ear of a real pig which he held under his arm, and made it squeak most piercingly. Nevertheless the audience gave the preference to the pantomime and hooted the peasant, who all of a sudden producing the pig to the spectators,

“Gentlemen,” said he, “it is not me whom you hiss, but this poor pig himself! Such excellent judges you are!”

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE, *Gil Blas*.

THE POPE'S MULE

THERE was a time long ago when the people of the town of Avignon, in France, were happier and gayer than they have ever been since. This was when the Popes lived there. The streets were filled with flowers, flags were flying, and there was always the sound of music. The people danced on the bridge from morning to night. For when the people of Avignon are happy they must dance. The Popes of Avignon governed their people well and that is why they were so regretted.

The most loved of all the Popes was the good old man, Boniface. He would bless the poor and the rich alike, so politely. He would laugh heartily from the back of his mule, as he rode along with a flower in his baretta.

What the Pope loved most of all was his vineyard, and every Sunday after vespers he would ride out there with his whole chapter, and sip his cup of wine, and look fondly on his vineyard.

Next to his vineyard he loved most of all his mule. Every evening he went to the stable to see that his pet was well cared for. He never rose from the table without having prepared a bowl of spiced wine for the mule, which he carried to the stable himself.

The mule was a fine one and worthy of all this

trouble. He had a beautiful shiny black coat with red spots. He was as gentle as an angel, and when he passed through the streets people showed him all sorts of politeness. Everyone knew that this was the best way to stand well at court, for the mule had made more than one man's fortune.

Tistet Védène, for example, had risen in the world through his adventure with the mule. Tistet was a bold-faced little imp who loafed about in the neighbourhood of the Papal Palace. One day when the Pope was riding alone on the ramparts Tistet accosted him, joining his hands with an air of admiration, "Ah, great Saint Peter, what a fine mule you have there! Let me look at him a little. . . . Ah! my Pope, the beautiful mule! . . . The Emperor of Germany has n't one like it!"

And he caressed it and spoke to it tenderly, as to a young girl. "Come here, my jewel, my treasure, my fine pearl."

The Pope was touched, and said to himself, "What a good little fellow! How kind he is to my mule!"

The next morning Tistet was entered in the Pope's choir-school among the sons of nobles. He wore fine clothes and buckled shoes. The little rascal was insolent to everyone and showed kindness only to the mule. People were always meeting Tistet in the court-yard with a handful of

wild-oats or a bunch of "holy-hay" whose pink clusters he would shake playfully. He would look up at the Pope's balcony, as much as to say, "He, he! for whom is this?"

In time, when the Pope felt himself growing old, he allowed Tistet to take charge of the stable, and to carry the mule his bowl of spiced wine. This did not please the Cardinals, and it pleased the mule less. For when the time came for his wine five or six little clerks from the choir-school would arrive. They would creep into the straw, fine clothes and all. Then a moment later a good warm odour of caramel and spices would fill the stable, and Tistet would appear carrying the bowl of wine, — the perfumed wine that the mule loved so much! This they had the cruelty to bring to his manger, and make the poor mule sniff it, and then when his nostrils were filled, presto, the beautiful rose liquor would go down the throats of these little scamps.

If they had done nothing worse than steal his wine! But they were like little fiends when they had drunk! One would pull his ears, another his tail, and a third would climb upon his back. And not one of these young rascals dreamed that with a single kick the honest brute could have sent them all to the polar star, or even farther. But no, one cannot be the Pope's mule for nothing! No matter what the children might do the good

mule would not get angry. It was only against Tistet that he had a grudge. When he felt Tistet behind him his shoe fairly itched, for Tistet played such mean tricks upon him.

One day Tistet made the mule go up with him into the bell-tower of the choir-school, away up into the highest point of the palace! The whole city saw the mule up there. You can imagine the terror of this unhappy creature when, after turning blindly in a circular staircase for an hour, and climbing I do not know how many steps, he found himself suddenly upon a platform dazzling with light.

He saw, a thousand feet below him, a fantastic city, with the sheds in the market-place smaller than nutshells, and the Pope's soldiers before their barracks looking like red ants. And away across a thread of silver stretched a tiny bridge where the people danced and danced. Ah, poor brute! what a panic seized him! Every window in the palace shook with the cry which he gave.

"What is it? What are they doing to him?" cried the good Pope, rushing out upon his balcony.

Tistet was already in the court-yard, pretending to weep, and tearing his hair. "Ah, great Saint Peter, it's your mule! Good heavens! What is going to become of us? Your mule has climbed up into the bell-tower."

“All alone???”

“Yes, great Saint Peter, all alone. See! — Look up there, way up. Do you see the end of his ears showing? One might say two swallows —”

“Mercy on us!” exclaimed the poor Pope, raising his eyes. “He has indeed gone mad! He will kill himself! — Come down, wretched creature!”

The mule would have liked nothing better than to come down, but how? The staircase was not to be thought of. Those things could be mounted, but to go down would be enough to break his legs a hundred times. The poor mule was in despair; and as he wandered about the platform, his great eyes rolling with dizziness, he thought of Tistet. “Ah, villain, if I escape from this, what a kick I will give you to-morrow morning!”

The idea of this kick gave the mule courage. For without it he could not have contained himself.

Finally they succeeded in getting him down, but it was a serious matter. It was necessary to lower him with a derrick and ropes. You can imagine how humiliating it was for the Pope’s mule to find himself dangling from that height with his feet paddling in the air, like a cockchafer at the end of a string; — and all Avignon watching him!

All night the mule fancied himself wander-

ing about that confounded platform. Then he thought of Tistet and of the fine kick he was going to give him in the morning. Ah, my friends, what a kick! They should see the smoke of it for miles.

But while this beautiful reception was being prepared for him in the stable, do you know what Tistet was doing? He was singing as he floated down the Rhône in the Pope's galley. He was on his way to Naples with a troop of young nobles who were sent by the city every year to the court of Queen Jeanne to learn diplomacy and good manners. Tistet was not noble, but the Pope wished to reward him for the care he had taken of the mule, and especially for the activity he had shown upon the day of the rescue.

How disappointed the mule was the next day! "Ah, the villain! he suspected something!" thought the mule as he shook his bells with rage. "But it's all the same! You will find your kick waiting for you on your return, you young rascal! I will keep it for you."

And he did keep it. Seven years passed away and at last Tistet returned. He had not finished his time at the court of Naples, but rumour said that the first mustard-bearer to the Pope had died, and Tistet wished to compete for the position.

When he entered the hall of the palace, the Pope had difficulty in recognizing him, he had

grown so much. It is necessary to say also that the good Pope had become old, and that he could not see without his spectacles. — But Tistet was not abashed.

“What! great Saint Peter, you do not remember me? It is I, Tistet Védène.”

“Védène?”

“Yes indeed, you know very well. He who used to carry the wine to your mule.”

“Ah, yes, yes; I remember. A good little boy, that Tistet Védène! And now, what does he want from us?”

“Oh! just a little thing, great Saint Peter. I came to ask you — By the way, have you still your mule? Is he well? — So much the better! — I came to ask you for the place of your first mustard-bearer who has just died.”

“First mustard-bearer, thou! But thou art too young. How old art thou?”

“Twenty years and two months, illustrious Pontiff, — just five years older than your mule. Ah, what a fine creature he was! If you knew how I loved that mule! How I pined for him in Italy! Will you not allow me to see him?”

“Yes, my child, thou shalt see him,” said the good Pope, quite touched. “And since thou lovest him so much, the fine creature, I do not wish thee to live far from him. From this day I attach thee to my person as first mustard-

bearer. Come to us to-morrow after vespers. We will bestow upon thee the insignia of thy grade, in the presence of our chapter. And then I will take thee to see the mule, and thou shalt go to the vineyard with us two. Ha! ha!"

I need not tell you with what impatience Tistet waited for the morrow's ceremony. — But the mule waited with even greater impatience than he.

The next day when vespers were over Tistet made his entrance into the court-yard of the palace. All the higher clergy were there, — the cardinals in their red robes, the abbots with their little mitres, the choir boys and the Pope's soldiers in gala uniform, the lower clergy, and the little clerk who goes behind bearing the bell, — everybody down to those who light the candles, — not one was missing.

When Tistet appeared his handsome looks and fine bearing aroused a murmur of admiration. He was a beautiful blond with curly hair, and he had replaced his Neapolitan dress with a jacket with rose-coloured embroidery, and on his cap trembled a long ibis feather. As soon as this beautiful Tistet, the first mustard-bearer, entered, he bowed courteously, and went toward the high flight of steps where the Pope was waiting to confer upon him the insignia of his rank, the spoon of yellow boxwood and the saffron robe.

The mule was at the foot of the steps, fully harnessed and ready to set out for the vineyard. Tistet passed near him, and, smiling kindly, stopped to give him two or three friendly little taps upon his back; but at the same time he looked out of the corner of his eye to see whether the Pope noticed it. The position was a good one. The mule collected all his strength.

“There! take that, scoundrel! I have been saving it for you seven years!”

And he gave so terrible a kick that the smoke of it was seen miles away, — a whirlwind of blond dust, in which fluttered an ibis feather. This was all that remained of the unfortunate Tistet Védène.

The kick of a mule is not ordinarily so annihilating, but then this was a Pope’s mule. And just think, he had been saving it up for seven years!

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

YE MARVELLOUS LEGEND OF TOM CONNOR’S CAT

THERE was a man in these parts, sir, you must know, called Tom Connor, and he had a cat that was equal to any dozen of rat-traps, and he was proud of the baste, and with rayson, for she was worth her weight in goold to him in saving his sacks of meal from the thievery of the rats

and mice; for Tom was an extensive dealer in corn.

This cat, sir, was a great pet, and was so up to everything, that Tom swore she was a'most like a Christian, only she could n't speak, and had so sensible a look in her eye, that he was sartin sure the cat knew every word that was said to her. Well, she used to sit by him at breakfast every morning, and the eloquent cock of her tail, as she used to rub against his leg, said, "Give me some milk, Tom Connor," as plain as print, and the plenitude of her purr afterwards spoke a gratitude beyond language.

Well, one morning, Tom was going to the neighbouring town to market, and he had promised the wife to bring home shoes to the childre out o' the price of the corn; and sure enough before he sat down to breakfast, there was Tom taking the measure of the childre's feet by cutting notches on a bit of stick; and the wife gave him so many cautions about getting a "nate fit" for "Billy's purty feet," that Tom in his anxiety to nick the closest possible measure, cut off the child's toe.

That disturbed the harmony of the party, and Tom was obliged to breakfast alone, while the mother was endeavouring to cure Billy; in short trying to make a *heal* of his *toe*.

Well, sir, all the time Tom was taking measure

for the shoes, the cat was observing him with that luminous peculiarity of eye for which her tribe is remarkable; and when Tom sat down to breakfast, the cat rubbed up against him more vigorously than usual. But Tom, thinking of his child's toe, kept never minding her, until the cat, with a sort of caterwauling growl, gave Tom a dab of her claws, that went clean through his leathers and a little further.

"Wow!" says Tom, with a jump, clapping his hand on the part, and rubbing it; "by this and that, you drew the blood out o' me," says Tom, "you wicked divil, — tish! go long!" says he, making a kick at her.

With that the cat gave a reproachful look at him, and her eyes glared just like a pair of mail-coach lamps in a fog. With that, sir, the cat with a mysterious "miaow!" fixed a most penetrating glance on Tom, and distinctly uttered his name.

Tom felt every hair on his head as stiff as a pump-handle; and, scarcely crediting his ears, he returned a searching look at the cat, who very quietly proceeded in a sort of nasal twang: —

"Tom Connor," says she.

"Mercy on me!" says Tom, "if it is n't spakin' she is!"

"Tom Connor," says she again.

"Yes, ma'am," says Tom.

"Come here," says she, "whisper, — I want to

talk to you, Tom," says she, "the laste taste in private," says she, — rising on her hams, and beckoning him with her paw out o' the door, with a wink and a toss o' the head aigual to a milliner.

Well, as you may suppose, Tom did n't know whether he was on his head or his heels, but he followed the cat, and off she went and squatted herself under the edge of a little paddock at the back of Tom's house. And as he came round the corner she held up her paw again, and laid it on her mouth, as much as to say, "Be cautious, Tom!" Well, nary a word Tom could say at all, with the fright, so up he goes to the cat, and says she: —

"Tom," says she, "I have a great respect for you, and there's something I must tell you, because you're losing character with your neighbours," says she, "by your goin's on," says she, "and it's out o' the respect I've for you that I must tell you," says she.

"Thank you, ma'am," says Tom.

"You're goin' off to the town," says she, "to buy shoes for the childre," says she, "and never thought o' gettin' me a pair."

"You!" says Tom.

"Yis, me, Tom Connor," says she, "and the neighbours wondhers that a respectable man like you allows your cat to go about the counthry barefuttet," says she.

"Is it a cat to ware shoes?" says Tom.

"Why not?" says she. "Does n't horses ware shoes? — and I have a prettier foot than a horse, I hope," says she with a toss of her head.

"Faix! she spakes like a woman, so proud of her feet," says Tom to himself, astonished as you may suppose, but pretending never to think it remarkable all the time; and so he went on discoursin' and says he, "It's thrue for you, ma'am," says he, "that horses wares shoes, — but that stands to rayson, ma'am, you see, — seeing the hardship their feet has to go through on the hard roads."

"And how do you know what hardship my feet has to go through?" says the cat mightly sharp.

"But, ma'am," says Tom, "I don't well see how we could fasten a shoe on you," says he.

"Lave that to me," says the cat.

"Did any one ever stick walnut shells on you, pussy?" says Tom with a grin.

"Don't be disrespectful, Tom Connor," says the cat with a frown.

"I ax your pard'n, ma'am," says he, "but as for the horses, you wor spakin' about wearin' shoes, you know their shoes is fastened on with nails, and how would your shoes be fastened on?"

"Ah! you stupid thief!" says she, "have n't I illigant nails o' my own?" and with that she gave him a dab of her claw that made him roar.

"Ow! murdther!" says he.

"Now no more of your palaver, Misther Connor," says the cat, "just be off and get me the shoes."

"Tare an' ouns!" says Tom, "what'll become o' me if I'm to get shoes for my cats?" says he, "for you increase your family four times a year, and you have six or seven every time," says he, "and then you must all have two pairs a piece, — wirra! wirra! I'll be ruined in shoe-leather," says Tom.

"No more o' your stuff," says the cat. "Don't be standin' here undher the hedge talkin', or we'll lose our karacters, — for I've remarked your wife is jealous, Tom."

"'Pon my sowl, that's throe!" says Tom with a smirk.

"More fool she," says the cat, "for 'pon my conscience, Tom, you're as ugly as if you wor bespoke."

Off ran the cat with these words, leaving Tom in amazement. He said nothing to the family for fear of fright'ning them, and off he went to the town, straight to Squire Botherum's, the magisthrit, to sware examinations agen the cat.

And when Tom was asked to relate the events of the morning which brought him before Squire Botherum, his brain was so bewildered between his corn and his cat, and his child's toe, that he made a very confused account of it.

"Begin your story from the beginning," says the magisthrit, to Tom.

"Well, your honour," says Tom, "I was goin' to market this mornin' to sell the child's corn, — I beg your pard'n, — my own toes, I mane, sir."

"Sell your toes!" says the Squire.

"No, sir, takin' the cat to market, I mane, —"

"Take a cat to market," says the Squire.
"You're drunk, man."

"No, your honour, only confused a little, for when the toes began to spake to me, — the cat, I mane, — I was bothered clane, —"

"The cat speak to you," says the Squire.
"Phew! worse than before, — you're drunk, Tom."

"No, your honour, it's on the strength of the cat I come to spake to you."

"I think it's on the strength of a pint of whiskey, Tom."

"By the vartue o' my oath, your honour, it's nothin' but the cat." And so Tom then told him all about the affair, and the Squire was regularly astonished, and he pulled down all the law-books from his library, and found that they had made laws against everything in Ireland *except a cat*.

"Bother the laws!" says the Squire. "We'll make her subject to the game laws. We'll hunt her," says he.

"Ow! — illigant! —" says Tom, — "We'll have a brave run out of her."

"Meet me at the cross-roads," says the Squire, "in the morning, and I'll have the hounds ready."

Well, off Tom went home, and he was racking his brains what excuse he could make to the cat for not bringing the shoes, and just then he saw her cantering up to him, half a mile before he got home.

"Where's the shoes, Tom?" says she.

"I have not got them to-day, ma'am," says he.

"Is that the way you keep your promise, Tom?" says she. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, I'll tare the eyes out o' the childre, if you don't get me shoes."

"Whisht! whisht!" says Tom, frightened out of his life for his childre's eyes. "Don't be in a passion, pussy, I'll take you to see the Squire," says he, "and you can ask him for the shoes," says he.

"And when am I to go?" says the cat, looking savage.

"To-morrow," says Tom.

"It's well you said that, Tom," says the cat, "or the devil an eye I'd leave in your family this night," and off she hopped. Tom thrimbled at the wicked look she gave.

"Remember," says she over the hedge with a bitter caterwaul.

"Never fear," says Tom.

Well sure enough, the next mornin' there was

the cat at cock-crow, licking herself as nate as a new pin, to go into the town, and out came Tom with a bag undher his arm, and the cat after him.

“Now git into this, and I’ll carry you into the town,” says Tom.

“Sure I can walk with you,” says the cat.

“Oh, that would n’t do,” says Tom. “The people in the town is curious and slandherous people, and sure it would rise ugly remarks if I was seen with a cat afther me; — a dog is a man’s companion by nature, but cats does not stand to rayson.”

Well the cat, seeing there was no use in argument, got into the bag, and off Tom set to the cross roads with the bag over his shoulder, and he came up to the corner where the Squire, and his huntsman, and the hounds, and a pack o’ people were waitin’.

“What’s that in your bag?” says the Squire. “You must let me see it,” says he.

And with that he laid hold of the bag, and shook the cat out, sure enough, and off she went with her tail as big as a sweeping brush, and the Squire with a thundering halloo after her, clapt the dogs at her heels, and away they went for the bare life.

Never was there seen such running as that day, — the cat made for a shaking bog, the loneliest place in the whole country, and there the riders

were all thrown out, barrin' the huntsman, who had a web-footed horse on purpose for soft places, and just as the cat got on the border of the bog, they saw her give a twist as the foremost dog closed with her, for he gave her a nip in the flank.

Still she went on, however, and headed them well, towards an old mud cabin in the middle of the bog, and there they saw her jump in at the window, and up came the dogs the next minit, and gathered round the house with the most horrid howling ever was heard. The huntsman alighted, and went into the house to turn the cat out again, when what should he see but an old hag lying in bed in the corner.

"Did you see a cat come in here?" says he.

"Oh, no-o-o-o!" squealed the old hag, in a trembling voice. "There's no cat here," says she.

"Yelp! yelp! yelp!" went the dogs outside.

"Oh! keep the dogs out o' this!" says the old hag,— "Oh-o-o-o-o!" And the huntsman saw her eyes glare under the blanket, just like a cat's.

"Hillo!" says the huntsman, pulling down the blanket, — and what should he see but the old hag's flank all in a gore of blood.

"Ow! ow! you ould divil! — is it you? you ould cat!" says he opening the door.

In rushed the dogs, — up jumped the old hag, and changing into a cat before their eyes, out she darted through the window again, and made

another run for it; but she could n't escape, and the dogs gobbled her while you could say "Jack Robinson."

But the most remarkable part of this extraordinary story is that the pack was ruined from that day out; for after having eaten the enchanted cat the devil a thing would they ever hunt afterwards but mice.

SAMUEL LOVER, *Handy Andy*.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term of Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy,

who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before, — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A pre-

monitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly

made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what; — what have you got there I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out: “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste; — O Lord!” — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would

for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him.

In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town.

Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burn-

ing their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which Judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The Judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire.

The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress

it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB, *Essays of Elia*.

HOW I KILLED A BEAR

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear, that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance, — the usual way.

There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears, — a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favoured few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage — there were four of them — to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries.

It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shotgun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead.

The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball-cartridge (ten to the pound), — an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it — if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off — nearly every time. Of course, the tree must have some size.

Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree. I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show, that, although I went black-berrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry-patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our coloured cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods, and walked towards them.

The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost.

The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a coloured person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him; at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about, and went into the forest.

This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree, and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stu-

pidly for a second, and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear.

In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey.

When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived.

The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind-legs, and doing just what I was doing,

— picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth, — green ones and all.

To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I did n't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you would n't do it; I did n't.

The bear dropped down on his fore-feet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries, — much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast-tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries, and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over, and nosed about in the fruit, “gorming”

(if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig.

The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short.

The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing.

As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted, that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I could n't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock.

My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and, unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head; that is, not at the time.

I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore-leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on, and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed, and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's

mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive.

Then I turned, and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred.

I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind-legs, but no other motion. Still he might be shamming; bears often sham. To make sure, I approached, and put a ball into his head. He did n't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:—

“Where are your blackberries?”

“Why were you gone so long?”

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail? What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You did n't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular — except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!"

"Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I could n't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known.

However, as I insisted in all soberness, and

offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises, — a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight — well, I will not insist upon that.

But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They did n't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot.

He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he

needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, *In the Wilderness.*

HISTORIES OF PRINCES AND
PRINCESSES PROUD AND PRUDENT

THE REAL PRINCESS

THERE was once a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess; but she was to be a *real* princess. So he travelled about, all through the world, to find a real one, but everywhere there was something in the way. There were princesses enough, but whether they were *real* princesses he could not quite make out. There was always something that did not seem quite right. So he came home again, and was quite sad; for he wished so much to have a real princess.

One evening a terrible storm came on. It lightened and thundered, the rain streamed down; it was quite fearful! Then there was a knocking at the town gate, and the old King went out to open it.

It was a Princess who stood outside the gate. But, mercy! how she looked, from the rain and the rough weather! The water ran down from her hair and her clothes. It ran in at the points of her shoes, and out at the heels. And yet she declared that she was a real princess.

“Yes, we will soon find that out,” thought the old Queen. But she said nothing, only went into the bedchamber, took all the bedding off, and put a pea on the flooring of the bedstead. Then

she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea, and then twenty eider-down beds upon the mattresses. On this the Princess had to lie all night. In the morning she was asked how she had slept.

“O, miserably!” said the Princess. “I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. Goodness knows what was in my bed. I lay upon something hard, so that I am black and blue all over. It is quite dreadful!”

Now they saw that she was a real princess, for through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down beds she had felt the pea. No one but a real princess could be so delicate.

So the Prince took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a true princess. And the pea was put in the museum, and it is there now, unless somebody has carried it off.

Look you, this is a true story.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TAPER TOM

NORSE FOLK-TALE

ONCE on a time there was a King, who had a daughter, and she was so lovely, that her good looks were well known far and near. But she was so sad and serious she could never be got to laugh; and besides, she was so high and mighty,



THE PRINCESS WHO NEVER LAUGHED

that she said "No" to all who wooed her to wife, and she would have none of them, were they ever so grand — lords and princes, it was all the same.

The King had long ago got tired of this, for he thought she might just as well marry, she, too, like the rest of the world. So he had it given out at the church door both quick and soon, that any one who could get his daughter to laugh should have her and half the kingdom. But if there was any one who tried and could not, he was to have three stripes cut out of his back, and salt rubbed in.

And sure it was that there were many sore backs in that kingdom, for lovers and wooers came from north and south, and east and west, thinking it nothing at all to make a King's daughter laugh. And brave fellows they were some of them too. But for all their tricks and capers, there sat the Princess, just as sad and serious as she had been before.

Now hard by the palace lived a man who had three sons. They too had heard how the King had given it out that the man who could make the Princess laugh was to have her to wife and half the kingdom.

The eldest, he was for setting off first. So he strode off. And when he came to the King's grange, he told the King he would be glad to try to make the Princess laugh.

"All very well, my man," said the King; "but it's sure to be no good, for so many have been here and tried. My daughter is so sorrowful, it's no use trying, and I don't at all wish that any one should come to grief."

But the young man thought there was use. It could n't be such a very hard thing for him to get the Princess to laugh. So many had laughed at him, both gentle and simple, when he had listed for a soldier, and learnt his drill under Corporal Jack.

So he went off to the courtyard, under the Princess's window, and began to go through his drill as Corporal Jack had taught him. But it was no good, the Princess was just as sad and serious, and did not so much as smile at him once. So they took him, and cut three broad, red stripes out of his back, and sent him home again.

Well, he had hardly got home before the second brother set off. He was a schoolmaster, and a wonderful figure of fun beside. He was lop-sided, and was as tall and long as a Troll. Besides this, he was a powerful preacher.

So when he came to the King's grange, and said he wished to make the Princess laugh, the King thought it might not be so unlikely after all.

"But Heaven help you," he said, "if you don't make her laugh. We are for cutting the stripes broader and broader for every one that tries."

Then the schoolmaster strode off to the courtyard, and put himself before the Princess's window, and read and preached like seven parsons, and sang and chanted like seven clerks, as loud as all the parsons and clerks in the country round.

The King laughed loud at him, and was forced to hold the posts in the gallery. And the Princess was just going to put a smile on her lips, but all at once she got as sad and serious as ever.

And so it fared no better with Paul the schoolmaster than with Peter the soldier — for you must know one was called Peter and the other Paul. So they took him and cut three red stripes out of his back, and rubbed the salt well in, and then they sent him home again.

Then the youngest was all for setting out. His name was Taper Tom. But his brothers laughed and jeered at him, and showed him their sore backs. Nor would his father give him leave. For he said, how could it be of any use to him when he had no sense. Was n't it true that he neither knew anything nor could do anything?

There he sat in the ingle by the chimney-corner, like a cat, and grubbed in the ashes and split fir tapers. That was why they called him "Taper Tom."

But Taper Tom would n't give in. He growled and grizzled so long, that they got tired of it, and

at last gave him leave to go to the King's grange and try his luck.

When he got to the King's grange he did not say he wished to try to make the Princess laugh, but he asked if he could get a place there. No, they had no place for him. But for all that Taper Tom would n't take no for an answer.

They must want some one, he said, to carry wood and water for the kitchen-maid, in such a big grange as that — that was what he said. And the King thought it might very well be, for he too got tired of his worry. So the end was that Taper Tom got leave to stay there and carry wood and water for the kitchen-maid.

One day when he was going to fetch water from the beck, he set eyes on a big fish which lay under an old fir stump, where the water had eaten into the bank. He put his bucket softly under the fish, and caught it. And as he was going home to the grange he met an old woman who led a golden goose by a string.

"Good day, godmother," said Taper Tom; "that's a pretty bird you have got. And what fine feathers! — they dazzle one a long way off. If one only had such feathers one might leave off splitting fir tapers."

The goody was just as pleased with the fish Tom had in his bucket, and said if he would give her the fish, he might have the golden goose. Now

this was a wonderful goose. When any one touched it he stuck fast, if Tom only said, "Hang on, if you care to come with us."

Yes! that swap Taper Tom was willing enough to make.

"A bird is as good as a fish, any day," he said to himself. "And if it is such a bird as you say, I can use it as a fish-hook." That was what he said to the goody.

Now he had n't gone far before he met another old woman. And as soon as she saw the lovely golden goose she was all for running up to it and patting it. And she spoke so prettily, and coaxed him so, and begged him give her leave to stroke his lovely golden goose, that Taper Tom said: —

"With all my heart, but mind you don't pluck out any of its feathers."

Just as she stroked the goose, he said: —

"Hang on, if you care to come with us!"

The goody pulled and tore, but she was forced to hang on, whether she would or no. And Taper Tom went before, as though he alone were with the golden goose.

When he had gone a bit farther, he met a man who had a thorn in his side against the goody, for a trick she had played him. So when he saw how hard she struggled and strove to get free, and how fast she stuck, he thought he would be quite safe

in giving her one for her nob, to pay off the old grudge, and so he just gave her a kick with his foot.

“Hang on, if you care to come with us!” called out Tom.

And then the man had to limp along on one leg, whether he would or no, and when he jibbed, and jibed, and tried to break loose, it was still worse for him, for he was all but falling flat on his back every step he took.

So they went on a good bit until they had about come to the King’s grange. There they met the King’s smith who was going to the smithy, and had a great pair of tongs in his hand. Now you must know that this smith was a merry fellow who was as full of tricks and pranks as an egg is full of meat. And when he saw this string come hobbling and limping along, he laughed so that he was almost bent in two, and then he bawled out: —

“Surely this is a new flock of geese the Princess is going to have. Who can tell which is goose and which gander? Ah! I see, this must be the gander that toddles in front. Goosey! Goosey! Goosey!” he called out. And with that he coaxed them to him, and threw his hands about as though he were scattering corn for the geese.

But the flock never stopped — on it went, and all that the goody and the man did was to look

daggers at the smith for making game of them. Then the smith went on: —

“It would be fine fun to see if I could hold the whole flock, so many as they are.” For he was a stout strong fellow, and so he took hold, with his big tongs by the old man’s coat tail, and the man all the while bellowed and wriggled. But Taper Tom only said: —

“Hang on, if you care to come with us.”

So the smith had to go along too. He bent his back and stuck his heels into the hill, and tried to get loose. But it was all no good. He stuck fast, as though he had been screwed tight with his own anvil. And whether he would or no he had to dance along with the rest.

When they came near to the King’s grange, the mastiff ran out and began to bay and bark as though they were wolves or beggars. And when the Princess looked out of the window to see what was the matter, and set eyes on this strange pack, she laughed inwardly. But Taper Tom was not content with that.

“Bide a bit,” he said, “she’ll soon have to open the door of her mouth wider,” and as he said that he turned off with his band to the back of the grange.

As they passed by the kitchen, the door was standing open, and the cook was just beating the porridge. When she saw Taper Tom and his

pack she came running out, with her brush in one hand and a wooden ladle full of smoking porridge in the other. And she laughed as though her sides would split.

When she saw the smith there too, she slapped her thigh and went off again in a loud peal. But when she had laughed her laugh out, she too thought the golden goose so lovely that she must stroke it.

"Taper Tom! Taper Tom!" she bawled out, and came running out with the ladle of porridge in her fist, "may I have the leave to stroke that pretty bird of yours?"

"Better let her stroke me," said the smith.

"I dare say," said Taper Tom.

But when the cook heard that she got angry.

"What is that you say?" she cried, and let fly at the smith with the ladle.

"Hang on, if you care to come with us," said Taper Tom.

So she stuck fast, she too. And for all her kicks and plunges, and all her scolding and screaming, and all her riving and striving, and all her rage, she too had to limp along with them.

But when they came outside the window of the Princess, there she stood, waiting for them. And when she saw they had taken the cook too, with her ladle and brush, she opened her mouth wide, and laughed loud, so that the King had to hold her upright.

So Tap, Tom got the Princess and half the kingdom. And they had such a merry wedding, that it was heard and talked of far and wide.

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN,

Tales from the Fjeld.

THE PRINCESS WHOM NOBODY COULD SILENCE

NORSE FOLK-TALE

THERE was once upon a time a King, and he had a daughter who would always have the last word. She was so perverse and contrary in her speech that no one could silence her. So the King promised that he who could outwit the Princess should have her hand in marriage and half the kingdom besides. There were plenty of those who wanted to try, I can assure you; for it is n't every day that a Princess and half a kingdom are to be had.

The gate to the palace hardly ever stood still. The suitors came in swarms and flocks from east and west, both riding and walking. But there was no one who could silence the Princess. At last the King announced that those who tried and did not succeed should be branded on both ears with a large iron. He would not have all this running about the palace for nothing.

So there were three brothers who had also

heard about the Princess, and, as they were rather badly off at home, they thought they would try their luck and see if they could win the Princess and half the kingdom. They were good friends and so they agreed to set out together.

When they had gone a short distance, Ashie-pattle found a dead magpie.

"I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"What have you found?" asked the brothers.

"I have found a dead magpie!" said he.

"Faugh! throw it away; what can you do with that?" said the other two, who always believed they were the wisest.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do, I can easily carry it," said Ashie-pattle.

When they had gone a bit farther Ashie-pattle found an old willow-twigg, which he picked up.

"I have found something! I have found something!" cried he.

"What have you found now?" said the brothers.

"I have found a willow-twigg," said he.

"Pooh! what are you going to do with that? Throw it away," said the two.

"I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Ashie-pattle.

When they had gone still farther he found a broken saucer, which he also picked up.

Here, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Well, what have you found now?" asked the brothers.

"A broken saucer," said he.

"Pshaw! Is it worth while dragging that along with you too? Throw it away!" said the brothers.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

When they had gone a little bit farther he found a crooked goat-horn and soon after he found the fellow to it.

"I have found something! I have found something, lads!" said he.

"What have you found now?" said the others.

"Two goat-horns," answered Ashiepattle.

"Ugh! Throw them away! What are you going to do with them?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry them with me," said Ashiepattle.

In a little while he found a wedge.

"I say, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"You are everlastingly finding something! What have you found now?" asked the others.

"I have found a wedge," he answered.

"Oh, throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

As he went across the King's fields, which had been freshly manured, he stooped down and took up an old boot-sole.

"Hullo, lads! I have found something, I have found something!" said he.

"Heaven grant you may find a little sense before you get to the palace!" said the two. "What is it you have found now?"

"An old boot-sole," said he.

"Is that anything worth picking up? Throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said the brothers.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me, and — who knows? — it may help me to win the Princess and half the kingdom," said Ashiepattle.

"Yes, you look a likely one, don't you?" said the other two.

So they went in to the Princess, the eldest first.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" answered she, with a shrug.

"It's terribly hot here," said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said the Princess. The branding iron was lying waiting in the fire.

When he saw this he was struck speechless, and so it was all over with him.

The second brother fared no better.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you," said she, with a wriggle.

"It's terribly hot here!" said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said she. With that he lost both speech and wits, and so the iron had to be brought out.

Then came Ashiepattle's turn.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" said she, with a shrug and a wriggle.

"It is very nice and warm here!" said Ashiepattle.

"It's warmer in the fire," she answered. She was in no better humour now she saw the third suitor.

"Then there's a chance for me to roast my magpie on it," said he, bringing it out.

"I'm afraid it will sputter," said the Princess.

"No fear of that! I'll tie this willow-twigg round it," said the lad.

"You can't tie it tight enough," said she.

"Then I'll drive in a wedge," said the lad, and brought out the wedge.

"The fat will be running off it," said the Princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad, and showed her the broken saucer.

"You are so crooked in your speech," said the Princess.

"No, I am not crooked," answered the lad; "but this is crooked"; and he brought out one of the goat-horns.

"Well, I've never seen the like!" cried the Princess.

"Here you see the like," said he, and brought out the other horn.

"It seems you have come here to wear out my soul!" she said.

"No, I have not come here to wear out your soul, for I have one here which is already worn-out," answered the lad, and brought out the old boot-sole.

The Princess was so dumbfounded at this, that she was completely silenced.

"Now you are mine!" said Ashiepattle, and so he got her and half the kingdom into the bargain.

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSSEN.

Fairy Tales from the Far North.

THE HAUGHTY PRINCESS

IRISH FOLK-TALE

THERE was once a very worthy King, whose daughter was the greatest beauty that could be seen far or near, but she was as proud as Lucifer, and no King or Prince would she agree to marry. Her father was tired out at last, and invited every King, and Prince, and Duke, and Earl that

he knew or did n't know to come to his court to give her one trial more.

They all came, and next day after breakfast they stood in a row on the lawn, and the Princess walked along in the front of them to make her choice.

One was fat, and says she, "I won't have you, Beer-barrel!"

One was tall and thin, and to him she said, "I won't have you, Ramrod!"

To a white-faced man she said, "I won't have you, Pale Death."

And to a red-cheeked man she said, "I won't have you, Cockscomb!"

She stopped a little before the last of all, for he was a fine man in face and form. She wanted to find some defect in him, but he had nothing remarkable but a ring of brown curling hair under his chin. She admired him a little, and then carried it off with, "I won't have you, Whiskers!"

So they all went away, and the King was so vexed, he said to her, "Now to punish your impudence, I'll give you to the first beggarman or singing *sthronshuch* that calls"; and, as sure as the hearth-money, a fellow all over rags, and hair that came to his shoulders, and a bushy red beard all over his face, came next morning, and began to sing before the parlour window.

When the song was over, the hall-door was

opened, the singer asked in, the priest brought, and the princess married to Beardy. She roared and she bawled, but her father did n't mind her.

"There," says he to the bridegroom, "is five guineas for you. Take your wife out of my sight, and never let me lay eyes on you or her again."

Off he led her, and dismal enough she was. The only thing that gave her relief was the tones of her husband's voice and his genteel manners.

"Whose wood is this?" said she, as they were going through one.

"It belongs to the King you called Whiskers yesterday." He gave her the same answer about meadows and corn-fields, and at last a fine city.

"Ah, what a fool I was!" said she to herself. "He was a fine man, and I might have him for a husband!"

At last they were coming up to a poor cabin. "Why are you bringing me here?" says the poor lady.

"This was my house," said he, "and now it is yours."

She began to cry, but she was tired and hungry, and she went in with him. Ovoc! there was neither a table laid out, nor a fire burning, and she was obliged to help her husband to light it, and boil their dinner, and clean up the place after; and next day he made her put on a stuff gown and a cotton handkerchief.

When she had her house readied up, and no business to keep her employed, he brought home *sallies* (willows), peeled them, and showed her how to make baskets. But the hard twigs bruised her delicate fingers, and she began to cry.

Well, then he asked her to mend their clothes, but the needle drew blood from her fingers, and she cried again. He could n't bear to see her tears, so he bought a creel of earthenware, and sent her to the market to sell them.

This was the hardest trial of all, but she looked so handsome and sorrowful, and had such a nice air about her, that all her pans, and jugs, and plates, and dishes were gone before noon, and the only mark of her old pride she showed was a slap she gave a buckeen across the face when he axed her to go in an' take share of a quart.

Well, her husband was so glad, he sent her with another creel the next day; but faith! her luck was after deserting her. A drunken huntsman came up riding, and his beast got in among her ware, and made *brishe* of every mother's son of 'em.

She went home cryin', and her husband was n't at all pleased.

"I see," said he, "you're not fit for business. Come along, I'll get you a kitchen-maid's place in the palace. I know the cook."

So the poor thing was obliged to stifle her pride

once more. She was kept very busy, and the footman and the butler would be very impudent about looking for a kiss, but she let a screech out of her the first attempt was made, and the cook gave the fellow such a lambasting with the besom that he made no second offer. She went home to her husband every night, and she carried broken victuals wrapped in papers in her side pockets.

A week after she got service there was a great bustle in the kitchen. The King was going to be married, but no one knew who the bride was to be. Well, in the evening the cook filled the Princess's pockets with cold meat and puddens, and, says she: —

“Before you go, let us have a look at the great doings in the big parlour.”

So they came near the door to get a peep, and who should come out but the King himself, as handsome as you please, and no other but King Whiskers himself.

“Your handsome helper must pay for her peeping,” said he to the cook, “and dance a jig with me.”

Whether she would or no, he held her hand and brought her into the parlour. The fiddlers struck up, and away went *him* with *her*. But they had n't danced two steps when the meat and the puddens flew out of her pockets. Every one roared out, and she flew to the door, crying piteously. But she

was soon caught by the King and taken into the back parlour.

“Don’t you know me, my darling?” said he. “I’m both King Whiskers, your husband the ballad-singer, and the drunken huntsman. Your father knew me well enough when he gave you to me, and all was to drive your pride out of you.”

Well, she did n’t know how she was with fright, and shame, and joy. Love was uppermost anyhow, for she laid her head on her husband’s breast and cried like a child.

The maids-of-honour soon had her away and dressed her as fine as hands and pins could do it; and there were her mother and father, too. And while the company were wondering what had become of the handsome girl and the King, he and his Queen, who they did n’t know in her fine clothes, and the other King and Queen, came in, and such rejoicings and fine doings as there was, none of US will ever see, anyway.

PATRICK KENNEDY.

THE SWINEHERD

THERE was once a poor Prince; he had a kingdom that was very small. Still it was quite large enough to marry upon; and he wished to marry.

It was certainly rather cool of him to say to the Emperor’s daughter, “Will you have me?” But

so he did; for his name was renowned far and wide; and there were a hundred Princesses who would have answered, "Thank you." But see what she said. Now we will hear.

By the grave of the Prince's father there grew a rose-tree, — a most beautiful rose-tree. It blossomed only once in every five years, and even then bore only one flower, but that was a rose that smelt so sweet as to make one forget all cares and sorrows.

And furthermore, the Prince had a nightingale, who could sing in such a manner that it seemed as though all sweet melodies dwelt in her little throat. So the Princess was to have the rose and the nightingale; and they were accordingly put into large silver caskets, and sent to her.

The Emperor had them brought into a large hall, where the Princess was playing at "making calls," with the ladies of the court; they never did anything else, and when she saw the caskets with the presents, she clapped her hands for joy.

"Ah, if it were but a little pussy-cat!" exclaimed she; then out came the beautiful rose.

"O, how prettily it is made!" said all the court-ladies.

"It is more than pretty," said the Emperor; "it is charming!"

But the Princess touched it, and was almost ready to cry.

"Fie, papa!" said she, "it is not made at all; it is natural!"

"Fie!" cried all the court ladies; "it is natural!"

"Let us see what is in the other casket, before we get into a bad humour," proposed the Emperor. So the Nightingale came forth, and sang so delightfully that at first no one could say anything ill-humoured of it.

"*Superbe! charmant!*" exclaimed the ladies; for they all used to chatter French, each one worse than her neighbour.

"How much the bird reminds me of the musical box that belonged to our blessed Empress!" remarked an old Knight. "Ah yes! it is the very same tone, the same execution."

"Yes! yes!" said the Emperor, and he wept like a little child.

"I will still hope that it is not a real bird," said the Princess.

"Yet it is a real bird," said those who had brought it.

"Well, then let the bird fly," returned the Princess; and she positively refused to see the Prince.

However, he was not to be discouraged; he daubed his face over brown and black; pulled his cap over his ears, and knocked at the door.

"Good day, Emperor!" said he. "Can I have employment at the palace?"

“O there are so many that want a place!” said the Emperor; “well, let me see, I want some one to take care of the pigs, for we have a great many of them.”

So the Prince was appointed “Imperial Swineherd.” He had a dirty little room close by the pig-sty; and there he sat the whole day, and worked. By the evening, he had made a pretty little saucepan. Little bells were hung all around it; and when the pot was boiling, these bells tinkled in the most charming manner, and played the old melody:—

*“Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!”*

But what was still more curious, whoever held his finger in the smoke of this saucepan, immediately smelt all the dishes that were cooking on every hearth in the city. This, you see, was something quite different from the rose.

Now the Princess happened to walk that way. And when she heard the tune, she stood quite still, and seemed pleased; for she could play “Dearest Augustine.” It was the only piece she knew, and she played it with one finger.

“Why, there is my piece!” said the Princess; “that Swineherd must certainly have been well educated! Here! Go in and ask him the price of the instrument.”

And so one of the court-ladies must run in. However, she drew on wooden slippers first.

"What will you take for the saucepan?" inquired the lady.

"I will have ten kisses from the Princess," said the swineherd.

"Mercy on us!" said the lady.

"Yes, I cannot sell it for less," said the Swineherd.

"Well, what does he say?" asked the Princess.

"I cannot tell you, really," replied the lady; "it is too bad!"

"Then you can whisper it!" So the lady whispered it.

"He is an impudent fellow!" said the Princess, and she walked on. But when she had gone a little way, the bells tinkled so prettily, —

*"Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!"*

"Stay," said the Princess. "Ask him if he will have ten kisses from the ladies of my court."

"No, thank you!" answered the Swineherd: "ten kisses from the Princess, or I keep the saucepan myself."

"That must not be, either!" said the Princess; "but do you all stand before me, that no one may see us."

And the court-ladies placed themselves in front

of her, and spread out their dresses. And so the Swineherd got ten kisses, and she got the saucepan.

It was delightful! the saucepan was kept boiling all the evening, and the whole of the following day. They knew perfectly well what was cooking at every fire throughout the city, from the chamberlain's to the cobbler's. The court-ladies danced, and clapped their hands.

"We know who has soup and who has pancakes for dinner to-day, who has cutlets, and who has eggs. How interesting!"

And "How interesting!" said the Lord Steward's wife.

"Yes, but keep my secret, for I am an Emperor's daughter."

"Mercy on us," said they all.

The Swineherd — that is to say the Prince, for no one knew that he was other than an ill-favoured swineherd — let not a day pass without working at something. He at last constructed a rattle, which, when it was swung round, played all the waltzes and jig-tunes which have ever been heard since the creation of the world.

"Ah, that is *superbe*!" said the Princess when she passed by; "I have never heard prettier compositions. Go in and ask him the price of the instrument; but I won't kiss him!"

"He will have a hundred kisses from the

Princess!" said the court-lady who had been in to ask.

"I think he is crazy!" said the Princess, and walked on. But when she had gone a little way, she stopped again. "One must encourage art," said she; "I am the Emperor's daughter. Tell him, he shall, as on yesterday, have ten kisses from me, and may take the rest from the ladies of the court."

"Oh! but we should not like that at all!" said the court-ladies.

"What are you muttering?" asked the Princess; "if I can kiss him, surely you can! Remember, I give you your food and wages." So the court-ladies were obliged to go to him again.

"A hundred kisses from the Princess!" said he, "or else let every one keep his own."

"Stand round!" said she; and all the ladies stood round her whilst the kissing was going on.

"What can be the reason for such a crowd close by the pig-sty?" said the Emperor, who happened just then to step out on the balcony. He rubbed his eyes and put on his spectacles. "They are the ladies of the court; there is some play going on. I must go down and see what they are about!" So he pulled up his slippers at the heel, for he had trodden them down.

Heh there! what a hurry he is in.

As soon as he had got into the court-yard, he moved very softly, and the ladies were so much engrossed with counting the kisses, that all might go on fairly, that they did not perceive the Emperor. He rose on his tiptoes.

"What is all this?" said he, when he saw what was going on, and he boxed the Princess's ears with his slipper, just as the Swineherd was taking the eighty-sixth kiss.

"Off with you!" cried the Emperor, for he was very angry; and both Princess and Swineherd were thrust out of the city.

The Princess now stood and wept, the Swineherd scolded, and the rain poured down.

"O how miserable I am!" said the Princess. "If I had but married the handsome young Prince! Ah! how unfortunate I am!"

And the Swineherd went behind a tree, washed the black-and-brown colour from his face, threw off his dirty clothes, and stepped forth in his princely robes. He looked so noble that the Princess could not help bowing before him.

"I am come to despise thee," said he. "Thou wouldst not have an honourable prince! thou couldst not prize the rose and the nightingale, but thou wast ready to kiss the Swineherd for the sake of a trumpery plaything. Now thou hast thy deserts!"

He then went back to his own little kingdom,

and shut the door of his palace in her face. Now she might well sing,

*"Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!"*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TERRIBLE TRUE TRAVELLERS' TALES

BARON MUNCHAUSEN GOES A-HUNTING

ONE morning I saw, through the windows of my bedroom, that a large pond not far off was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran downstairs and out of the house in such a hurry that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intention; I soon came within shot, when, levelling my piece, I observed to my sorrow that even the flint had sprung from the cock by the violence of the shock I had just received.

There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore opened the pan, levelled my piece against the wild fowls, and my fist against one of my eyes. [The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since, and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.] A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons, and three couple of teals.

Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. If soldiers and sailors owe to it many of their lucky escapes, hunters and sportsmen are not less beholden to it for many of their successes. In a

noble forest in Russia I met a fine black fox, whose valuable skin it would have been a pity to tear by ball or shot. Reynard stood close to a tree. In a twinkling I took out my ball, and placed a good spike-nail in its room, fired, and hit him so cleverly that I nailed his brush fast to the tree. I now went up to him, took out my hanger, gave him a cross-cut over the face, laid hold of my whip, and fairly flogged him out of his fine skin.

Chance and good luck often correct our mistakes; of this I had a singular instance soon after, when, in the depths of a forest, I saw a wild pig and sow running close behind each other. My ball had missed them, yet the foremost pig only ran away, and the sow stood motionless, as fixed to the ground. On examining into the matter, I found the latter one to be an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail, in order to be led along by filial duty.

My ball, having passed between the two, had cut his leading-string, which the old sow continued to hold in her mouth; and as her former guide did not draw her on any longer, she had stopped of course; I therefore laid hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail, and led the old beast home without any further trouble on my part, and without any reluctance or apprehension on the part of the helpless old animal.

Terrible as these wild sows are, yet more fierce and dangerous are the boars, one of which I had once the misfortune to meet in the forest, unprepared for attack or defense. I retired behind an oak-tree just when the furious animal levelled a side-blow at me, with such force that his tusks pierced through the tree, by which means he could neither repeat the blow nor retire. Ho, ho! thought I, I shall soon have you now! and immediately I laid hold of a stone, wherewith I hammered and bent his tusks in such a manner that he could not retreat by any means, and must wait my return from the next village, whither I went for ropes and a cart, to secure him properly, and to carry him off safe and alive, in which I perfectly succeeded.

Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in the presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. Thus I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead between his antlers; it stunned him — he staggered — yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers.

I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot, which at once gave me the haunch and cherry-sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like I had never tasted before.

There is a kind of fatality in it. The fiercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenseless, as if they had a notion or an instinctive intimation of it. Thus a frightful wolf rushed upon me so suddenly, and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder. How should I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation — with a wolf face to face; our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me; — that, I saw in his flaming eyes. In short, I laid hold of his tail, turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

RUDOLF ERICH RASPE,
Adventures of Baron Munchausen.

THE ASTOUNDING VOYAGE OF
DANIEL O'ROURKE

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Pooka's Tower.

I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he, at the time he told me the story, with grey hair, and a red nose. And it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky.

"I am often axed to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. To make a long story short, I got, once on a time, the same thing as tipsy, almost. And so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenogh, I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive,' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!'

"However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell me how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, with-

out knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, and I looked east and west and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog.

“I began to scratch my head, and sing the Lament, — when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry.

“So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, ‘Daniel O’Rourke,’ says he, ‘How do you do?’

“‘Very well, I thank you, sir,’ says I; ‘I hope you’re well,’ wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian.

“‘What brings you here, Dan?’ says he.

“‘Nothing at all, sir,’ says I, ‘only I wish I was safe home again.’

“‘Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?’ says he.

“‘T is, sir,’ says I, so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it.

“‘Dan,’ says he, after a minute’s thought,

'though it is very improper for you to get drunk, yet as you are a decent sober man, who never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields, — my life for yours,' says he, 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.'

“‘I am afraid,’ says I, ‘your honour’s making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a-horse-back on an eagle before?’

“‘Pon the honour of a gentleman,’ says he, putting his right foot on his breast, ‘I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog — besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.’

“It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, ‘faint heart never won fair lady!’

“‘I thank your honour,’ says I, ‘for the loan of your civility; and I’ll take your kind offer.’ I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up — up — up he flew.

“‘Why then,’ said I to him, — thinking he did not know the right road home, — very civilly, because why? I was in his power entirely; ‘sir,’ says I, ‘please your honour’s glory, and with

humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah! Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a could stone in a bog.'

"'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use. Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use.

"'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him.

"'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.'

"'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I.'

"'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"'At last where should we come to, but to *the moon* itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon.

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 't was so far.'

"'And, my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world axed you to fly so far — was it I? did not I beg

and pray and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?'

"'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.'

"'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be kilt and spilt, and smashed all to bits. You are a vile deceiver, so you are!'

"'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 't will keep you up.'

"'I won't, then,' said I.

"'Maybe not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.'

"'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you'; so I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"'When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I've

nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('t was true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute you?' says I. 'You ugly, unnatural baste, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hooked nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard!'

"'T was all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled forever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this — sorrow fly away with him!

"'You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges, as if it had not been opened for a month before; and out there walks, — who do you think, but the Man in the Moon himself?

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'how do you do?'

"'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.'

"'What brought you here, Dan?' said he.

"So I told him how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"‘Dan,’ said the Man in the Moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, ‘you must not stay here.’

"‘Indeed, sir,’ says I, ‘’t is much against my will I’m here at all; but how am I to go back?’

"‘That’s your business,’ said he: ‘Dan, mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.’

"‘I’m doing no harm,’ says I, ‘only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.’

"‘That’s what you must not do, Dan,’ says he, ‘and you’d better let go the reaping-hook.’

"‘Faith and with your leave,’ says I, ‘I’ll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won’t let go, — so I will.’

"‘You had better, Dan,’ says he again.

"‘Why, then, my little fellow,’ says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, ‘there are two words to that bargain; and I’ll not budge, but you may if you like.’

"‘We’ll see how that is to be,’ says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

“Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and, without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two.

“‘Good morning to you, Dan,’ says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand. ‘I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel!’

“I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling, at the rate of a fox-hunt.

“‘By this and that,’ says I, ‘but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly!’ The word was not out of my mouth when, *whiz!* what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenogh, else how should they know *me?*

“The ould gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, ‘Is that you, Dan?’

“‘The same,’ said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of bedevilment, and, besides, I knew him of ould.

“‘Good morrow to you,’ says he, ‘Daniel

O'Rourke. How are you in health this morning?'

"'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.'

"'I think 't is falling you are, Daniel,' says he.

"'You may say that, sir,' says I.

"'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander.

"'So I told him how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the Man in the Moon turned me out.

"'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you. Put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.'

"'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought within myself that 'I don't much trust you.' But there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"'We flew, and we flew, and we flew until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand sticking up out of the water.

"'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head, anyway: 'fly to land, if you please.'

“‘It is impossible, you see, Dan,’ said he, ‘for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.’

“‘To Arabia!’ said I, ‘that’s surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I’m a man to be pitied among you.’

“‘Whist, whist, you fool!’ said he, ‘hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.’

“‘Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind. ‘Ah! then sir,’ said I, ‘will you drop me on the ship, if you please?’

“‘We are not fair over it,’ said he, ‘if I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.’

“‘I would not,’ says I, ‘I know better than that, for it is just clean under us. So let me drop now at once.’

“‘If you must, you must,’ said he. ‘There, take your own way;’ and he opened his claw, and, faith, he was right — sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea!

“‘Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there was n’t a dry stitch upon my

whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying, —
't was a voice I knew too: —

“‘Get up, you drunken brute, off o’ that.’

“And with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me, — for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

“‘Get up!’ said she again, ‘and of all places in the parish would no place sarve your turn to lie down upon but under the ould walls of Carriga-pooka? An uneasy resting I am sure you had of it!’

“And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. Long will it be before I’ll lie down in the same spot again, I know that.”

Attributed to DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE THOUSAND-AND-SECOND TALE OF SCHEHERAZADE

BEING A VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

Truth is stranger than fiction. — *Old Saying.*

“MY dear sister,” said Scheherazade, on the thousand-and-second night, “now that all this little difficulty about my being put to death has

blown over, I feel that I have been guilty of great indiscretion in withholding from you and the King (who, I am sorry to say, snores — a thing no gentleman would do) the full conclusion of the history of Sinbad the sailor. This person went through numerous other and more interesting adventures than those which I related; but the truth is, I felt sleepy on the night I told them, and so cut them short. But even yet it is not too late to remedy my great neglect — and as soon as I have given the King a pinch or two in order to wake him up so far that he may stop making that horrible noise, I will forthwith entertain you (and him, if he pleases), with the sequel of this remarkable story.”

Hereupon the sister of Scheherazade expressed no great pleasure; but the King, having been pinched, at length ceased snoring, and finally said, “Hum!” and then, “Hoo!” The Queen, understanding these words (which are no doubt Arabic) to signify that he was all attention and would do his best not to snore any more, re-entered into the history of Sinbad the sailor.

“‘At length, in my old age’ (these are the words of Sinbad himself, as retailed by Scheherazade), — ‘at length, in my old age, and after enjoying many years of tranquillity at home, I became once more possessed with a desire of visiting foreign countries. And one day, without

acquainting any of my family with my design, I packed up some bundles of such merchandise as was most precious and least bulky, and, engaging a porter to carry them, went with him down to the seashore, to wait the arrival of any chance vessel that might convey me out of the Kingdom into some region which I had not as yet explored.

“Having deposited the packages upon the sands, we sat down beneath some trees, and looked out into the ocean in the hope of perceiving a ship, but during several hours we saw none whatever. At length I fancied that I could hear a singular buzzing or humming sound — and the porter, after listening awhile, declared that he also could distinguish it. Presently it grew louder, and then still louder, so that we could have no doubt that the object which caused it was approaching us.

“At length, on the edge of the horizon, we discovered a black speck, which rapidly increased in size until we made it out to be a vast monster, swimming with a great part of its body above the surface of the sea. It came towards us with inconceivable swiftness, throwing up huge waves of foam around its breast and illuminating all that part of the sea through which it passed with a long line of fire that extended far off into the distance.

“As the thing drew near we saw it very dis-

tinctly. Its length was equal to that of three of the loftiest trees that grow, and it was as wide as the great hall of audience in your palace, O most Sublime and Munificent of the Caliphs. Its body, which was unlike that of ordinary fishes, was as solid as a rock, and of a jetty blackness throughout all that portion of it which floated above the water, with the exception of a narrow blood-red streak that completely begirdled it.

““The belly, which floated beneath the surface, and of which we could get only a glimpse now and then as the monster rose and fell with the billows, was entirely covered with metallic scales, of a colour like that of the moon in misty weather. The back was flat and nearly white, and from it there extended upwards six spines, about half the length of the whole body.

““This horrible creature had no mouth that we could perceive; but, as if to make up for this deficiency, it was provided with at least four score of eyes, that protruded from their sockets like those of the green dragon-fly and were arranged all around the body in two rows, one above the other, and parallel to the blood-red streak, which seemed to answer the purpose of an eyebrow. Two or three of these dreadful eyes were much larger than the others, and had the appearance of solid gold.

““Although this beast approached us, as I have

before said, with the greatest rapidity, it must have been moved altogether by necromancy — for it had neither fins like a fish, nor web-feet like a duck, nor wings like the seashell which is blown along in the manner of a vessel. Nor yet did it writhe itself forward as do the eels.

“Its head and its tail were shaped precisely alike, only, not far from the latter were two small holes that served for nostrils, and through which the monster puffed out its thick breath with prodigious violence, and with a shrieking, disagreeable noise.

“Our terror at beholding this hideous thing was very great; but it was even surpassed by our astonishment, when upon getting a nearer look, we perceived upon the creature’s back a vast number of animals about the size and shape of men, and altogether much resembling them, except that they wore no garments (as men do), being supplied (by nature, no doubt) with an ugly uncomfortable covering, a great deal like cloth, but fitting so tight to the skin as to render the poor wretches laughably awkward and put them apparently to severe pain.

“On the very tips of their heads were certain square-looking boxes, which, at first sight, I thought might have been intended to answer as turbans, but I soon discovered that they were excessively heavy and solid, and I therefore con-

cluded they were contrivances designed, by their great weight, to keep the heads of the animals steady and safe upon their shoulders.

“Around the necks of the creatures were fastened black collars (badges of servitude, no doubt), such as we keep on our dogs, only much wider and infinitely stiffer — so that it was quite impossible for these poor victims to move their heads in any direction without moving the body at the same time; and thus they were doomed to the perpetual contemplation of their noses.

“When the monster had nearly reached the shore where we stood, it suddenly pushed out one of its eyes to a great extent, and emitted from it a terrible flash of fire, accompanied by a dense cloud of smoke, and a noise that I can compare to nothing but thunder.

“As the smoke cleared away, we saw one of the odd man-animals standing near the head of the large beast with a trumpet in his hand, through which (putting it to his mouth) he presently addressed us in loud, harsh, and disagreeable accents, that, perhaps, we should have mistaken for language, had they not come altogether through the nose.

“Being thus evidently spoken to, I was at a loss how to reply, as I could in no manner understand what was said. And in this difficulty I turned to the porter, who was near swooning

through affright, and demanded of him his opinion as to what species of monster it was, what it wanted, and what kind of creatures those were that so swarmed upon its back.

“‘To this the porter replied, as well as he could for trepidation, that he had once before heard of this sea beast; that it was a cruel demon, with bowels of sulphur and blood of fire, created by evil genii as the means of inflicting misery upon mankind; that the things upon its back were vermin, such as sometimes infest cats and dogs, only a little larger and more savage; that these vermin had their uses, however evil — for, through the torture they caused the beast by their nibblings and stings, it was goaded into that degree of wrath which was requisite to make it roar and commit ill, and so fulfil the vengeful and malicious designs of the wicked genii.

“‘This account determined me to take to my heels, and, without once even looking behind me, I ran at full speed up into the hills, while the porter ran equally fast, although nearly in an opposite direction, so that, by these means, he finally made his escape with my bundles, of which I have no doubt he took excellent care — although this is a point I cannot determine, as I do not remember that I ever beheld him again.

“‘For myself, I was so hotly pursued by a swarm of the men-vermin (who had come to the

shore in boats) that I was very soon overtaken, bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the beast, which immediately swam out again into the middle of the sea.

““I now bitterly repented my folly in quitting a comfortable home to peril my life in such adventures as this. But regret being useless, I made the best of my condition, and exerted myself to secure the good-will of the man-animal that owned the trumpet, and that appeared to exercise authority over its fellows.

““I succeeded so well in this endeavour that, in a few days, the creature bestowed upon me various tokens of its favour, and in the end, even went to the trouble of teaching me the rudiments of what it was vain enough to denominate its language. So that, at length, I was enabled to converse with it readily, and came to make it comprehend the ardent desire I had of seeing the world.

“““*Washish squashish squeak, Sinbad, hey-diddle diddle, grunt unt grumble, hiss fiss, whiss,*” said he to me, one day after dinner — ‘but I beg a thousand pardons, I had forgotten that your majesty is not conversant with the dialect of the Cock neighs’ (so the man-animals were called; I presume because their language formed the connecting link between that of the horse and that of the rooster).

““With your permission, I will translate. “*Washish squashish*,” and so forth: — that is to say, “I am happy to find, my dear Sinbad, that you are really a very excellent fellow. We are now about doing a thing which is called circumnavigating the globe. And since you are so desirous of seeing the world, I will strain a point and give you a free passage upon the back of the beast.””

When the Lady Scheherazade had proceeded thus far, the King turned over from his left side to his right, and said: —

“It is, in fact, *very* surprising, my dear Queen, that you omitted, hitherto, these latter adventures of Sinbad. Do you know I think them exceedingly entertaining and strange?”

The King having thus expressed himself, the fair Scheherazade resumed her history in the following words: —

“Sinbad went on in this manner, with his narrative — ‘I thanked the man-animal for its kindness, and soon found myself very much at home on the beast, which swam at a prodigious rate through the ocean. Although the surface of the latter is, in that part of the world, by no means flat, but round like a pomegranate, so that we went — so to say — either up hill or down hill all the time.’”

“That, I think, was very singular,” interrupted the King.

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," replied Scheherazade.

"I have my doubts," rejoined the King; "but, pray, be so good as to go on with the story."

"I will," said the Queen. "'The beast,' continued Sinbad, 'swam, as I have related, up hill and down hill, until, at length, we arrived at an island, many hundreds of miles in circumference, but which, nevertheless, had been built in the middle of the sea by a colony of little things like caterpillars.'" ¹

"Hum!" said the King.

"'Leaving this island,' said Sinbad" — (for Scheherazade, it must be understood, took no notice of her husband's ill-mannered ejaculation) — "'leaving this island, we came to another where the forests were of solid stone, and so hard that they shivered to pieces the finest-tempered axes with which we endeavoured to cut them down.'" ²

"Hum!" said the King again; but Scheherazade, paying him no attention, continued in the language of Sinbad.

"'Passing beyond this last island, we reached a country where there was a cave that ran to the distance of thirty or forty miles within the bowels of the earth, and that contained a greater number of far more spacious and more magnificent

¹ The corallites.

² The petrified forest in the United States.

palaces than are to be found in all Damascus and Bagdad.

“From the roofs of these palaces there hung myriads of gems, like diamonds, but larger than men. And in among the streets of towers and pyramids and temples, there flowed immense rivers as black as ebony, and swarming with fish that had no eyes.”¹

“Fiddle de dee,” said the King.

“We came to another country where we were terrified by the appearance of a fowl infinitely larger than even the rocs which I met in my former voyages; for it was bigger than the biggest of the domes on your seraglio, O most Munificent of Caliphs. This terrible fowl had no head that we could perceive, but was fashioned entirely of belly, which was of a prodigious fatness and roundness, of a soft-looking substance, smooth, shining, and striped with various colours.

“In its talons, the monster was bearing away to his eyrie in the heavens, a house from which it had knocked off the roof, and in the interior of which we distinctly saw human beings, who, beyond doubt, were in a state of frightful despair at the horrible fate which awaited them.

“We shouted with all our might, in the hope of frightening the bird into letting go of its prey; but it merely gave a snort or puff, as if of rage, and

¹ The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

then let fall upon our heads a heavy sack which proved to be filled with sand!”

“Stuff!” said the King.

““We left this country, and, after some time, found ourselves in a wonderful place indeed, which, I was informed by the man-animal, was his own native land, inhabited by things of his own species. This elevated the man-animal very much in my esteem. And in fact, I now began to feel ashamed of the contemptuous familiarity with which I had treated him; for I found that the man-animals in general were a nation of the most powerful magicians.

““Among them were domesticated several animals of very singular kinds. For example, there was a huge horse whose bones were iron and whose blood was boiling water. In place of corn, he had black stones for his usual food. And yet, in spite of so hard a diet, he was so strong and swift that he would drag a load more weighty than the grandest temple in this city, at a rate surpassing that of the flight of most birds.”

“Twattle!” said the King.

““In this same country a wonderful conjurer fashioned for himself a mighty thing that was neither man nor beast, but which had brains of lead, intermixed with a black matter like pitch, and fingers that it employed with such incredible speed and dexterity that it would have had no

trouble in writing out twenty thousand copies of the Koran in an hour. And this with so exquisite a precision, that in all the copies there should not be found one to vary from another by the breadth of the finest hair.

“This thing was of prodigious strength, so that it erected or overthrew the mightiest empires at a breath. But its powers were exercised equally for evil and for good.”

“Ridiculous!” said the King.

“Another of these magicians had cultivated his voice to so great an extent that he could have made himself heard from one end of the earth to the other. Another had so long an arm that he could sit down in Damascus and indite a letter at Bagdad — or indeed at any distance whatsoever. Another commanded the lightning to come down to him out of the heavens, and it came at his call; and served him for a plaything when it came.

“Preposterous!” said the King.

“The wives and daughters of these incomparably great and wise magi,” continued Scheherazade, without being in any manner disturbed by these frequent and most ungentlemanly interruptions on the part of her husband — “the wives and daughters of these eminent conjurers are every thing that is accomplished and refined; and would be every thing that is interest-

ing and beautiful, but for an unhappy fatality that besets them, and from which not even the miraculous powers of their husbands and fathers has, hitherto, been adequate to save them. Some fatalities come in certain shapes, and some in others — but this of which I speak, has come in the shape of a crotchet.’”

“A what?” said the King.

““A crotchet,” said Scheherazade. ““One of the evil genii who are perpetually upon the watch to inflict ill, has put it into the heads of these accomplished ladies that the thing which we describe as personal beauty, consists altogether in the protuberance of the region which lies not very far below the small of the back.

““Perfection of loveliness, they say, is in the direct ratio of the extent of this hump. Having been long possessed of this idea, and bolsters being cheap in that country, the days have long gone by since it was possible to distinguish a woman from a dromedary —””¹

“Stop!” said the King — “I can’t stand that, and I won’t. You have already given me a dreadful headache with your lies. The day, too, I perceive, is beginning to break. How long have we been married? — my conscience is getting to be troublesome again. And then that dromedary touch — do you take me for a fool? Upon

¹ Refers to the days when women wore bustles.

the whole, you might as well get up and be throttled."

These words both grieved and astonished Scheherazade; but, as she knew the King to be a man of scrupulous integrity, and quite unlikely to forfeit his word, she submitted to her fate with a good grace. She derived, however, great consolation (during the tightening of the bowstring), from the reflection that much of the history remained still untold and that the petulance of her brute of a husband had reaped for him a most righteous reward, in depriving him of many inconceivable adventures.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition.

His calling rum "fire-water" and me "a pale face" wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilized off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilisation), better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage.

It is all one to me whether he sticks a fish-bone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or bird's feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives.

Yielding to whichever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage, — cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who have been exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons, — who remember the horrid little

leader of that party in his festering bundle of hides, with his filth and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of “Qu-u-u-u-aaa!” (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting I have no doubt), — conscious of an affectionate yearning towards that noble savage?

But let us see what the Noble Savage does in Zulu Kaffirland. The Noble Savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin deep in a lake of blood; but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a grey hair appears on his head.

All the Noble Savage’s wars with his fellow-savages (and he takes no pleasure in anything else) are wars of extermination — which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and his “mission” may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life, are of course of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife, he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavour, who screech and

whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand.

The chosen father-in-law — also supported by a high-flavoured party of male friends, — screeches, whistles, and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp), that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows.

The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning) accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain.

The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together, — and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder), — the Noble Savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the Noble Savage finds himself a little unwell, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage called an Imyanger or Witch Doctor, is immediately sent for to Nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the Witch.

The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated

on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls:—

“I am the original physician to Nooker the Umtargartie! Yow yow yow! Till till till! All other Umtargarties are feigned Umtargarties. Boroo boroo! But I perceive here a genuine and real Umtargartie. Hoosh hoosh hoosh! in whose blood, I, the original Imyanger and Nookerer, Blizzerum boo! will wash these bear’s claws of mine. O yow yow yow!”

All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offence, or against whom without offence he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the Nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the Noble Savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers by rum and smallpox greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its odious details.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the Noble Savage being asleep in the shade, the Chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth, and lighten the labour by looking at it.

On these occasions he seats himself in his own savage chair, and is attended by his shield-bearer, who holds over his head a shield of cow-hide, — in shape like an immense mussel shell. But lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, called a Praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tails, and he incontinently strikes up the Chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out: —

“Oh! what a delightful Chief he is! Oh! what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! Oh! how majestically he laps it up! Oh! how charmingly cruel he is! Oh! how he tears the flesh of his enemies and crunches the bones! Oh! how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! Oh! row, row, row, row, how fond I am of him!” which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand-gallop into the Swartz-Kop location and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the Noble Savages, —

which is always, — the Chief holds a council to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be exterminated. After the performance of the war-song, the Chief makes a speech to his brothers and friends, arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address, but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, darts from the rank and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or smashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body of an imaginary enemy.

In all these ceremonies, the Noble Savage holds forth to the uttermost possible extent about himself, from which (to turn him to some civilized account), we may learn, I think, that as egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilized man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts, making society hideous.

It is my opinion that if we retained in us anything of the Noble Savage, we could not get rid of it too soon.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE VALOROUS ADVENTURES OF SOME
DUTCH SETTLERS

I

THEY SETTLE THE NEW WORLD

It was some three or four years after the return of the immortal Hendrick that a crew of honest, Low Dutch colonists set sail from the city of Amsterdam for the shores of America. The ship in which these illustrious adventurers set sail was called the *Goede Vrouw*, or good woman, in compliment to the wife of the President of the West India Company, who was allowed by everybody (except her husband) to be a sweet-tempered lady, — when not in liquor.

It was in truth a most gallant vessel, of the most improved Dutch construction, and made by the ablest ship-carpenters of Amsterdam. It was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous catheads, a copper bottom, and, withal, a most prodigious poop. The architect did erect for a head a goodly image of St. Nicholas, equipped with a low broad-brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemish trunk-hose, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bowsprit.

Thus gallantly furnished, the staunch ship floated sideways, like a majestic goose, out of

the harbour of the great city of Amsterdam, and all the bells, that were not otherwise engaged, rang a triple bobmajor on the joyful occasion.

Being under the especial care of the ever-revered St. Nicholas, the *Goede Vrouw* seemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common vessels. Thus she made as much lee-way as head-way, could get along very nearly as fast with the wind a-head, as when it was a-poop, and was particularly great in a calm; in consequence of which singular advantages she made out to accomplish her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a little to the east of Gibbet Island.

Here lifting up their eyes, they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village, pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in stupid admiration at the *Goede Vrouw*.

A boat was immediately despatched to enter into a treaty with them, and approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet in the most friendly terms; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, and scamppered over the Bergen hills; nor did they stop until they had buried themselves head and ears in the

marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished to a man. And their bones being collected and decently covered, formed that singular mound called Rattlesnake Hill, which rises out of the centre of the salt marshes, a little to the east of the Newark Causeway.

Animated by this unlooked-for victory, our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph, took possession of the soil as conquerors, and marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of Communipaw by storm, notwithstanding that it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws and papooses.

On looking about them, they were so transported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt the blessed St. Nicholas had guided them thither, as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. Accordingly they descended from the *Goede Vrouw*, men, women and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving settlement, which they called by the Indian name Communipaw, — the humble place which was the egg from whence was hatched the mighty city of New York.

II

FUR-TRADING

A brisk trade for furs was soon opened with the neighbouring Indians. The Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupois, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds.

It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between weight and bulk; for let them place a bundle of furs never so large in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam, — never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw!

This is a singular fact, — but I have it direct from my great, great-grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot.

III

A GREAT DEAL OF SMOKE

The Dutch possessions in this part of the globe began now to assume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the

general title of New Netherlands, on account of their great resemblance to the Dutch Netherlands, — which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marshy.

About this time the tranquillity of the Dutch colonists was doomed to suffer a temporary interruption. In 1614 Captain Sir Samuel Argall, sailing under a commission from Dale, Governor of Virginia, visited the Dutch settlements on Hudson River, and demanded their submission to the English crown and Virginian dominion. To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to resist it, they submitted for the time like discreet and reasonable men.

It does not appear that the valiant Argall molested the settlement of Communipaw. On the contrary, when his vessel first hove in sight, the worthy burghers were seized with such a panic that they fell to smoking their pipes with astonishing vehemence, insomuch that they quickly raised a cloud, which combining with the surrounding woods and marshes completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village, so that the terrible Captain Argall passed on, totally unsuspecting that a sturdy little Dutch settlement lay snugly couched in the mud under cover of all this pestilent vapour.

In commemoration of this fortunate escape,

the worthy inhabitants have continued to smoke, almost without intermission, unto this very day: which is said to be the cause of the remarkable fog which often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon.

Upon the departure of the enemy, the worthy burghers took full six months to recover their wind, and get over the consternation into which they had been thrown. They then called a council of safety to smoke over the state of the province.

At this council presided Oloffte Van Kortlandt, a personage who was held in great reverence among the sages of Communipaw, for the variety and darkness of his knowledge. Never did anything extraordinary happen at Communipaw, but he declared that he had previously dreamt it. As yet his dreams had turned to little personal profit. Still he carried a high head; if his sugar-loaf hat was rather the worse for wear, he set it off with a taller cock's tail; and if his shirt was none of the cleanest, he puffed it out the more at the bosom.

The worthy Van Kortlandt, in the council in question, urged the policy of emerging from the swamps of Communipaw, and seeking some more eligible site for the seat of empire. Such he said was the advice of the good St. Nicholas, who had appeared to him in a dream the night before; and

whom he had known by his broad hat, his long pipe, and the resemblance which he bore to the figure on the bow of the *Goede Vrouw*.

The honest burghers one and all agreed that an expedition should be forthwith fitted out to go on a voyage of discovery in quest of a new seat of empire. This perilous enterprise was to be conducted by Oloffte himself.

IV

HELL-GATE

No sooner did the first rays of cheerful Phœbus dart into the windows of Communipaw, than the little settlement was all in motion. Forth issued from his castle the sage Van Kortlandt, and seizing a conch-shell, blew a far-resounding blast that soon summoned all his lusty followers. Then did they trudge resolutely down to the water-side, escorted by a multitude of relatives and friends. The good Oloffte bestowed his forces in a squadron of three canoes, and hoisted his flag on board a little round Dutch boat, shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly-boat of the *Goede Vrouw*.

The voyagers cheerily urged their course across the crystal bosom of the bay and soon left behind them the green shores of Communipaw.

Just about this time a shoal of jolly porpoises

came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides to the sun, and spouting up the briny element in sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloffe mark this, than he was greatly rejoiced. "This," exclaimed he, "if I mistake not, augurs well, — the porpoise is a fat, well-conditioned fish, — a burgomaster among fishes, — his looks betoken ease, plenty, and prosperity, — I greatly admire this round, fat fish, and doubt not but this is a happy omen of the success of our undertaking." So saying he directed his squadron to steer in the track of these alderman fishes.

Turning therefore directly to the left, they swept up the strait vulgarly called East River. And here the rapid tide that courses through this strait, seizing on the gallant tub in which Commodore Van Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward with such velocity that the good commodore was more than ever convinced that they were in the hands of some supernatural power, and that the jolly porpoises were towing them to some fair haven that was to fulfill all their wishes and expectations.

As the day proceeded they skirted the coast of Long Island, and the shores of the fair island of Manna-hata, now tossing in the turbulent tide, now gliding in silent wonder through new and unknown scenes. Toward evening the gallant squadron of Communipaw swept along to a deep

bay, or rather creek, gracefully receding between shores fringed with forests.

Just before them the grand course of the stream, making a sudden bend, wound among embowered promontories and shores of emerald verdure, that seemed to melt into the wave. A character of gentleness and mild fertility prevailed around. The sun had just descended, and the thin haze of twilight, like a transparent veil, heightened the charms which it half concealed.

Ah! witching scenes of foul delusion! Ah! hapless voyagers! The worthies of Communipaw, little mistrusting the guileful scenes before them, drifted quietly on, until they were aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of their vessels. For now the late dimpling current began to brawl around them, and the waves to boil and foam with horrific fury.

Awakened as if from a dream, the astonished Oloffte bawled aloud to put about, but his words were lost amid the roaring of the waters. And now ensued a scene of direful consternation, — at one time they were borne with dreadful velocity among tumultuous breakers; at another hurried down boisterous rapids. Now they were nearly dashed upon the “Hen and Chickens” (infamous rocks! More voracious than Scylla and her whelps!), and anon they seemed sinking into yawning gulfs, that threatened to entomb

them beneath the waves. All the elements combined to produce a hideous confusion. The waters raged, — the winds howled, — and as they were hurried along, several of the astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighbouring shores driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool, called the “Pot,” where it was whirled about in giddy mazes, until the senses of the good commander and his crew were overpowered by the horror of the scene and the strangeness of the revolution.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their senses, they found themselves stranded on the Long Island shore. The worthy commodore, indeed, used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril; how he saw spectres flying in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the “Pot” when they were whirled round, and found the water scalding hot, and beheld several uncouth-looking beings seated on rocks and skimming it with huge ladles. But particularly he declared, with great exultation, that he saw the losel porpoises, which had betrayed them into this peril, some broiling on the “Gridiron” and others hissing in the “Frying Pan!”

It is certain, however, that to the accounts of Oloffte and his followers may be traced the various traditions handed down of this marvellous strait, — as how the devil has been seen there, sitting astride of the “Hog’s Back” and playing on the fiddle, — how he broils fish there before a storm; and many other stories.

In consequence of all these terrific circumstances the commodore gave this pass the name of “*Helle-gat*,” or as it has been interpreted “*Hell-Gate*,” which it continues to bear at the present day.

V

THE SAGE OLOFFTE DREAMED A DREAM

The darkness of night had closed upon this disastrous day, and a doleful night was it to the shipwrecked adventurers, whose ears were incessantly assailed with the raging of the elements and the howling of the hobgoblins that infested this perfidious strait. But when the morning dawned, the horrors of the preceding evening had passed away; rapids, breakers, and whirlpools had disappeared; the stream again ran smooth and dimpling, and, having changed its tide, rolled gently back, towards the quarter where lay their much-regretted home.

The woe-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed each other with rueful countenances; their squad-

ron had been totally dispersed by the late disaster. Oloffte with his remaining followers once more committed themselves, with fear and trembling, to the briny elements, and steered their course back again through the scenes of their yesterday's voyage, determined no longer to roam in search of distant sites.

Scarce, however, had they gained a view of Communipaw, when they were encountered by an obstinate eddy, which opposed their homeward voyage. Weary and dispirited as they were, they yet tugged a feeble oar against the stream; until, as if to settle the strife, half a score of potent billows rolled the tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt high and dry on the long point of an island which divided the bosom of the bay.

Oloffte Van Kortlandt was a devout trencherman. Every repast was a kind of religious rite with him; and his first thought, on finding himself once more on dry ground, was how he should contrive to celebrate his wonderful escape from Hell-Gate and all its horrors, by a solemn banquet.

The stores which had been provided for the voyage by the good housewives of Communipaw were nearly exhausted, but, in casting his eyes about, the Commodore beheld that the shore abounded with oysters. A great store of these was instantly collected; a fire was made at the

foot of a tree; all hands fell to roasting and broiling and stewing and frying, and a sumptuous repast was soon set forth.

The worthy Van Kortlandt deemed it incumbent on him to eat profoundly for the public good. In proportion as he filled himself to the very brim with the dainty viands before him, did the heart of this excellent burgher rise up towards his throat, until he seemed crammed and almost choked with good eating and good nature.

Everything around him seemed excellent and delightful; and, laying his hands on each side of his capacious periphery, and rolling his half-closed eyes around on the beautiful diversity of land and water before him, he exclaimed in a fat, half-smothered voice: "What a charming prospect!"

The words died away in his throat — he seemed to ponder on the fair scene for a moment — his eyelids heavily closed over their orbs — his head drooped upon his bosom — he slowly sunk upon the green turf, and a deep sleep stole gradually upon him. And the sage Oloffte dreamed a dream.

And lo! the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees, in that selfsame wagon wherein he brings his yearly presents to children; and he descended hard by where the heroes of Communipaw had made their late repast.

And he lit his pipe by the fire, and sat himself

down and smoked. And as he smoked, the smoke from his pipe ascended into the air, and spread like a cloud overhead. And Oloffte bethought him, and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country, — and as he considered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of marvellous forms where in dim obscurity he saw shadowed out palaces, and domes, and lofty spires, all of which lasted but a moment, and then faded away, until the whole rolled off, and nothing but the green woods were left.

And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hatband and laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortlandt a very significant wink, then mounting his wagon, he returned over the tree-tops and disappeared.

And Van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he aroused his companions, and related to them his dream, and interpreted it that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city here. And that the smoke of the pipe was a type how vast should be the extent of the city; inasmuch as the volumes of its smoke would spread over a wide extent of country.

And they all with one voice assented to this

interpretation excepting Mynheer Ten Broeck who declared the meaning to be that it would be a city wherein a little fire would occasion a great smoke.

The object of their perilous expedition, therefore, being thus happily accomplished, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings. And here calling a general meeting of all the wise men and the dignitaries, they related the whole history of their voyage, and of the dream of Oloffte Van Kortlandt.

And the people lifted up their voices and blessed the good St. Nicholas, and from that time forth the sage Van Kortlandt was held more in honour than ever for his great talent at dreaming, and was pronounced a most useful citizen and a right good man, — when he was asleep.

It having been solemnly resolved that the seat of empire should be removed from the green shores of Communipaw, to the pleasant island of Manna hata, everybody was anxious to embark under the standard of Oloffte the Dreamer, and to be among the first sharers of the promised land.

A fleet of boats and canoes were piled up with all kinds of household articles; ponderous tables, chests of drawers resplendent with brass ornaments, quaint corner-cupboards, beds and bedsteads, with any quantity of pots, kettles, frying-

pans, and Dutch ovens. In each boat embarked a whole family, from the robustious burgher down to the cats and dogs and little negroes. In this way they set off across the mouth of the Hudson, under the guidance of Oloffe the Dreamer, who hoisted his standard on the leading boat.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *History of New York*.

SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

THERE once lived, in a certain village of La Mancha in Spain, a gentleman who did apply himself wholly to the reading of old books of knighthood. And that with such gusts and delights, as he neglected the exercise of hunting; yea and the very administration of his household affairs.

He plunged himself so deeply in his reading of these books that he spent in the lecture of them whole days and nights. And in the end, through his little sleep and much reading, he dried up his brains in such sort as he lost wholly his judgment.

His fantasy was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies. And these toys did so firmly possess his imagination with an infallible opinion that the dreamed inventions which he

read were true, as he accounted no history in the world to be so certain and sincere as they were.

Finally, his wit being wholly extinguished, he fell into one of the strangest conceits; to wit, it seemed unto him very needful, as well for his honour, as for the benefit of mankind, that he himself should become a knight-errant, and go throughout the world, with his horse and armour, to seek adventure, and practise in person all that he had read was done by knights of yore, revenging of all kinds of injuries, and offering himself to dangers, which once happily achieved, might gain him eternal renown.

He resolved to give himself a name worthy of so great a knight as himself, and in that thought he laboured eight days; and in conclusion called himself Don Quixote of La Mancha. Then he donned certain old armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, mounted his old lean horse, Rozinante, and sallied forth into the world to seek adventure.

With him rode as his squire, one Sancho Panza, a labourer, and an honest man, but one of very shallow wit. Don Quixote had said so much to him, had persuaded him so earnestly, and had made him so large promises, that the poor fellow determined to go away with the knight, and serve him as his squire. Don Quixote bade him to dispose himself willingly, for now and then such an



DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY AT LA MANCHA

adventure might present itself, that in as short space as one would take up a couple of straws, an island might be won, and Sancho be left as governor thereof.

This same squire, Sancho Panza, did ride upon an ass. About the ass Don Quixote had stood a while pensive, calling to mind whether ever he had read that any knight-errant carried his squire assishly mounted; but he could not remember any authority for it. Yet, notwithstanding, he had resolved that Sancho might bring his beast, intending to dismount the first discourteous knight they met from his horse, and give it to his squire.

Don Quixote bethought himself that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service and affection. For a knight-errant that is loveless resembles a tree that wants leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. He bethought him of a damsel who dwelt in the next village to his manor, a young handsome wench with whom he had been some time in love, although she never knew or took notice thereof. Her he chose as the Lady of his thoughts, she being ignorant of it, and he called her Dulcinea of Toboso.

Things being thus ordered, Don Quixote and his squire rode forth into the world, and had, with some good success, many ridiculous and rare adventures, as well as some that were dread-

ful and never-imagined, — all worthy to be recorded. All these adventures may be read in that strange book, *The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight-Errant, Don Quixote of La Mancha*.

Herein will be related four of his adventures, to wit, *The Dreadful and Never-Imagined Adventure of the Windmills; How Don Quixote Fought with Two Armies of Sheep; The High Adventure and Rich Winning of the Helmet of Mambrino; and The Adventure of the Lions*.

THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

The first day that Don Quixote and his squire, Sancho Panza, sallied forth to seek adventure, they travelled almost all day without encountering anything worthy the recital, which made Don Quixote fret for anger. For he desired to encounter presently some one upon whom he might make trial of his invincible strength. Riding thus, toward evening they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that were in a field. And as soon as Don Quixote espied them he said to his squire: —

“Fortune doth address our affairs better than we ourselves could desire. For behold there, friend Sancho Panza, how there appear thirty or forty monstrous giants, with whom I mean to

fight, and deprive them of their lives, with whose spoils we will begin to be rich. For this is a good war, and a great service unto God, to take away so bad a seed from the face of the earth."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those that thou seest there," quoth his lord, "with the long arms. And some there are of that race whose arms are almost two leagues long."

"I pray you understand," quoth Sancho Panza, "that those which appear there are no giants, but windmills. And that which seems in them to be arms, are their sails, that, swung about by the wind, do also make the mill go."

"It seems well," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art not yet acquainted with matter of adventures. They are giants. And, if thou beest afraid, go aside and pray, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them."

And, saying so, he spurred his horse Rozinante, without taking heed to his Squire Sancho's cries, who called out that they were windmills that he did assault and no giants. But Don Quixote went so fully persuaded that they were giants that he neither heard his squire's outcries, nor did discern what the windmills really were, although he drew very near to them.

Then he called out to them as loud as he could:—

“Fly not, ye cowards and vile creatures! for it is only one knight that assaults you.”

With this the wind increased, and the mill sails began to turn about; which Don Quixote espying, said: —

“Although thou movest more arms than the giant Briareus, yet thou shalt stoop to me.”

And, after saying this, and commending himself most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, desiring her to succour him, he covered himself well with his buckler, and set his lance on his rest. Then he spurred on Rozinante and encountered with the first mill that was before him. As he struck his lance into the sail, the wind swung it about with such fury, that it broke his lance into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and finally tumbling him a good way off from it on the field in very evil plight.

Sancho Panza repaired presently to succour him as fast as his ass could drive. And when he arrived, he found his lord not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with Rozinante.

“By my beard!” quoth Sancho, “did I not foretell unto you that you should look well what you did, for they were none other than windmills? Nor could any think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his brains.”

“Peace, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote: “for matters of war are more subject than any other

thing to continual change; how much more, seeing that some magician — such is the enmity he bears towards me — hath transformed these giants into mills to deprive me of the glory of the victory. But yet, in fine all his bad arts shall but little prevail against the goodness of my sword.”

“God grant it as he may!” said Sancho Panza, and then he helped his master to arise; and presently he mounted him on Rozinante, who was half shoulder-pitched by the rough encounter. And thus discoursing upon the adventure they followed on the way which guided towards a passage through the mountains. For there, as Don Quixote avouched, it was not possible but to find many adventures because it was a thoroughfare much frequented.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FOUGHT WITH TWO ARMIES OF SHEEP

One day Don Quixote and his squire while they rode perceived a great and thick dust to arise in the way wherein they travelled. Turning to Sancho, Don Quixote said, “This is, Sancho, the day wherein shall be manifest the good which fortune hath reserved for me. This is the day wherein the force of mine arm must be shown as much as in any other whatsoever; and in it I will do such feats as shall forever remain recorded in the books of fame. Dost thou see, Sancho, the

dust which ariseth there? Know that it is caused by a mighty army and sundry and innumerable nations, which come marching there.”

“If that be so,” quoth Sancho, “then must there be two armies; for on this other side is raised as great a dust.”

Don Quixote turned back to behold it, and seeing it was so indeed, he was marvellous glad, thinking that they were doubtless two armies, which came to fight one with another in the midst of that spacious plain.

The dust which he had seen, however, was raised by two great flocks of sheep, that came through the same field by two different ways, and could not be discerned, by reason of the dust, until they were very near. Yet Don Quixote did affirm that they were two armies so earnestly that Sancho believed it, and demanded of him, “Sir, what then shall we two do?”

“What shall we do,” quoth Don Quixote, “but assist the needful and weaker side? For thou shalt know, Sancho, that he who comes towards us is the great Emperor Alifamfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana; the other, who marcheth at our back, is his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the naked arm, so called because he still entereth in battle with his right arm naked.”

“I pray you, good sir,” quoth Sancho, “to tell

me why these two Princes hate one another so much?"

"They are enemies," replied Don Quixote, "because that this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, who is a very beautiful and gracious Princess, and, moreover, a Christian. Her father refuseth to give her to the pagan King, until first he abandon Mahomet's false sect, and become a Christian Knight."

"By my beard," quoth Sancho, "Pentapolin hath reason, and I will help him all that I may."

"By doing so," quoth Don Quixote, "thou performest thy duty; for it is not requisite that one be a knight to enter into such battles."

"I do know that myself," quoth Sancho, "very well; but where shall we leave this ass in the meantime, that we may be sure to find him again after the conflict? — For I think it is not the custom to enter into battle mounted on such a beast."

"It is true," quoth Don Quixote; "that which thou mayest do is to leave him to his adventures, and care not whether he be lost or found; for we shall have so many horses, after coming out of this battle victors, that very Rozinante himself is in danger to be changed for another. But be attentive; for I mean to describe unto thee the principal knights of both the armies; and to the

end thou mayest the better see and note all things, let us retire ourselves there to that little hillock, from whence both armies may easily be described."

They did so; and, standing on the top of a hill, from whence they might have seen both the flocks, Don Quixote, seeing in fancy that which he really did not see at all, began to say, with a loud voice: —

"That knight which thou seest there with the yellow armour, who bears in his shield a lion, crowned, crouching at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalio, lord of the silver bridge. The other, limbed like a giant, that standeth at his right hand, is the undaunted Brandabarbaray of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, and comes armed with a serpent's skin, bearing for his shield, as is reported, one of the gates of the temple which Samson overthrew to be revenged on his enemies.

"But turn thine eyes to this other side, and thou shalt see first of all, and in the front of this other army, the ever victor and never vanquished Timonel of Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who comes armed with arms parted into blue, green, white, and yellow quarters, and bears in his shield, in a field of tawny, a cat of gold, with a letter that says *Miau*, which is the beginning of his lady's name, which is, as the report runs, the

peerless Miaulina, daughter of Duke Alfeniquen of Algarve."

And thus Don Quixote proceeded forward, naming many knights of the one and the other squadron, even as he had imagined them. And he attributed to each knight his arms, his colours, and mottoes, for he was suddenly borne away by the imagination of his wonderful distraction.

Sancho Panza stood suspended at his master's speech, and spoke not a word, but only would now and then turn his head, to see whether he could mark those knights and giants which his lord had named; and, by reason he could not discover any, he said: —

"Sir, I give to the devil any man, giant, or knight, of all those you said did appear; at least I cannot discern them. Perhaps all is but enchantment, like that of the ghosts of yesternight."

"How sayst thou so?" quoth Don Quixote. "Dost not thou hear the horses neigh, the trumpets sound, and the noise of the drums?"

"I hear nothing else," said Sancho, "but the great bleating of many sheep."

And so it was, indeed; for by this time the two flocks did approach them very near.

"The fear that thou conceivest, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "maketh thee that thou canst neither hear nor see aright; for one of the effects

of fear is to trouble the senses, and make things appear otherwise than they are. And, seeing thou fearest so much, retire thyself out of the way; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that army which I shall assist."

And, having ended his speech, he set spurs to Rozinante, and, setting his lance in the rest, he flung down from the hillock like a thunderbolt.

Sancho cried to him as loud as he could, saying, "Return, good sir Don Quixote! for I vow unto God, that all those which you go to charge are but sheep and muttons; return, I say. Alas that ever I was born! what madness is this? Look; for there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields parted nor whole, nor pure azures nor devilish. What is it you do? wretch that I am!"

For all this Don Quixote did not return, but rather rode, saying with a loud voice, "On, on, knights! all you that serve and march under the banners of the valorous Emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm; follow me, all of you, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on his enemy, Alifamfaron of Trapobana."

And saying so, he entered into the midst of the flock of sheep, and began to lance them with such courage and fury as if he did in good earnest encounter his mortal enemies.

The shepherds that came with the flock cried

to him to leave off; but, seeing their words took no effect, they unloosed their slings, and began to salute his pate with stones as great as one's fist. But Don Quixote made no account of their stones, and did fling up and down among the sheep, saying: —

“Where art thou, proud Alifamfaron? where art thou? Come to me; for I am but one knight alone, who desires to prove my force with thee man to man, and deprive thee of thy life, in pain of the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin.”

At that instant a stone gave him such a blow on one of his sides, as did bury two of his ribs in his body. He beholding himself so ill dight, did presently believe that he was either slain or sorely wounded. And, remembering himself of his oil-pot, which he thought to contain some magic healing liquor, set it to his mouth to drink. But ere he could take as much as he thought requisite to cure his hurts, there cometh another stone, which struck him so full upon the hand and oil-pot, as it broke it into pieces, and carried away with it besides three or four of his cheek teeth, and did moreover bruise very sorely two of his fingers.

Such was the first and the second blow, as the poor knight was constrained to fall down off his horse. And the shepherds arriving, did verily believe they had slain him; and therefore, gathering their flocks together with all speed, and

carrying away their dead muttons, which were more than seven, they went away without verifying the matter any further.

Sancho remained all this while on the height, beholding his master's follies, pulling the hairs of his beard for very despair; and he cursed the hour and the moment wherein he first knew him. But seeing him overthrown to the earth, and the shepherds fled away, he came down to him, and found him in very bad plight, yet had the knight not quite lost the use of his senses.

"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "did not I bid you return, and tell you that you went not to invade an army of men, but a flock of sheep?"

"That thief, the magician who is mine adversary," quoth Don Quixote, "can counterfeit and make men to seem such, or vanish away, as he pleaseth; for, Sancho, thou oughtest to know that it is a very easy thing for men of that kind to make us seem what they please; and this magician that persecuteth me, envying the glory which he saw I was like to acquire in this battle, hath converted the enemy's squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake, that thou mayest remove thine error, and perceive the truth which I affirm. Ride ahead on thine ass, and follow the armies fair and softly aloof, and then thou shalt see that, as soon as they are parted any distance from hence, they

will turn to their first form, and, leaving to be sheep, will become men, as right and straight as I painted to thee at first. But go not now, for I have need of thy help and assistance. I pray thee, give me thy hand, and feel how many cheek teeth, or others, I lack in this right side of the upper jaw."

Sancho put in his finger, and whilst he felt him, demanded, "How many cheek teeth were you accustomed to have on this side?"

"Four," quoth he, "besides the hindermost; all of them very whole and sound."

"See well what you say, sir," quoth Sancho.

"I say four," quoth Don Quixote, "if they were not five; for I never in my life drew or lost any tooth."

"Well, then," quoth Sancho, "you have in this lower part but two teeth and a half; and in the upper neither a half, nor any; for all there is as plain as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate I!" quoth Don Quixote, hearing the sorrowful news that his squire told him, "for I had rather lose one of my arms, so it were not that of my sword; for, Sancho, thou must know, that a mouth without cheek teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone; and a tooth is much more to be esteemed than a diamond. — But we knights-errant which profess the rigorous laws of arms are subject to all these disasters; wherefore,

give the way, gentle friend; for I will follow thee what pace thou pleasest."

Talking thus they rode on their way where they thought they might find lodging, and about night-fall they perceived an inn near unto the highway wherein they travelled, which was as welcome a sight to Don Quixote as if he had seen a star that did guide him to the porch, if not to the palace, of his redemption.

OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH WINNING OF
THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO

The next morning as Don Quixote and his squire were riding over the plains it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have sought shelter in some near-by mill, but Don Quixote would in no wise come near one. But, turning his way on the right hand, he fell into a highway, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the day before.

Within a while after, Don Quixote espied one a-horseback, that bore on his head something that glistered like gold. And scarce had he seen him, when he turned to Sancho, and said: —

"Methinks, Sancho, that there's no proverb that is not true; for they are all sentences taken out of experience itself, which is the universal mother of sciences; and especially that proverb that says: 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune did shut

yesterday the door that we searched, deceiving us in the adventure of the armies, it lays for us now wide open the door that may lead us to a better and more certain adventure, whereon, if I cannot make a good entry, the fall shall be mine. If I be not deceived, there comes one towards us that wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, which I have made an oath to win."

"See well what you say, sir, and better what you do," quoth Sancho; "for I would not wish that this were new shepherds to batter you."

"The devil take thee for a man!" replied Don Quixote; "what difference is there betwixt a helmet and shepherds?"

"I know not," quoth Sancho, "but if I could speak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such reasons as you yourself should see how much you are deceived in that you speak."

"How may I be deceived in that I say, scrupulous traitor?" demanded Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not the knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple-grey horse, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"That which I see and find out to be so," answered Sancho, "is none other than a man on a grey ass like mine own, and brings on his head something that shines."

"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," quoth Don

Quixote. "Stand aside, and leave me alone with him. Thou shalt see how, without speech to cut off delays, I will conclude this adventure, and remain with the helmet as mine own which I have so much desired."

"I will have care to stand off. But I turn again to say, that I pray God that it be a purchase of gold, and not flocks of sheep."

"I have already said unto thee not to make any more mention, no, not in thought, of sheep. For if thou dost," said Don Quixote, "I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy soul."

Here Sancho, fearing lest his master would accomplish the vow which he had thrown out as round as a bowl, held his peace.

This, therefore, is the truth of the history of the helmet, horse, and knight, which Don Quixote saw. There were near this spot two villages, the one so little as it had neither shop nor barber, but the greater was furnished with one. This barber did therefore serve the little village when they had any occasion, as it now befell. For which reason he came bringing with him a brazen basin.

And as he travelled, it by chance began to rain, so he clapped his basin on his head to save his hat from staining, because it belike was a new one. And the basin being clean scoured, glistened half a league off.

He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, which Don Quixote mistook for a dapple-grey steed, and the barber for a knight, and the basin for a helmet of gold. For Don Quixote did, with all facility apply everything which he saw to his raving chivalry and ill-errant thoughts.

And when he saw that the poor barber drew near, without settling himself to talk with him, he inrested his javelin low on the thigh, and ran with all the force Rozinante might, thinking to strike him through and through. And, drawing near unto him, without stopping his horse, he cried:—

“Defend thyself, caitiff! or else render unto me willingly that which is my due by all reason.”

The barber, who without fearing or surmising any such thing, saw that knight come suddenly upon him, had no other remedy, to avoid the blow of the lance, but to fall off his ass to the ground. And scarce had he touched the earth, when rising up again as light as a deer, he ran away so swiftly through the plain as the wind could scarce overtake him, leaving his basin behind him on the ground.

Don Quixote rested content, and commanded Sancho to take up the helmet; who lifting it, said:—

“The basin is a good one.”

Then he gave it to his lord, who presently set it on his head, turning it about every way to see whether he could get the beaver. And seeing he could not find it, he said: —

“The pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged had doubtlessly a very great head. And that which grieves me most is that this helmet lacks the beaver.”

When Sancho heard him call the basin a helmet, he could not contain his laughter; but presently remembering his master’s anger, he checked himself in the midst.

“Why dost thou laugh, Sancho?” demanded Don Quixote.

“I laugh,” said he, “to think on the great head the pagan owner of this helmet had; for it is for all the world like a barber’s basin.”

“Know, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “that this enchanted helmet did fall, by some strange accident, into some one’s hands that knew not the worth thereof, who seeing it was of pure gold, without realizing what he did, melted the half, to profit himself therewithal. Then he made of the other half this, which seems a barber’s basin, as thou sayest. But be it what it list, to me who knows well what it is, its change makes no matter. For I will dress it in the first town where I shall find a smith. And in the meanwhile I will wear it as I may, for something is better than nothing;

and more, seeing it may defend me from the blow of a stone.”

“That’s true,” quoth Sancho, “if the stone be not thrown out of a sling, such as that of the battle of the two armies, when they blessed your worship’s cheek teeth, and broke the bottle wherein you carried the most blessed healing potion.”

“I do not much care for the loss of it, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote; “for as thou knowest, I have the recipe in memory.”

“So have I likewise,” quoth Sancho, — be-
thinking him of the night he had been made ill by it,¹ “but if ever I make it or taste it again in my life, I pray God that here may be mine end. And more, I never mean to thrust myself into any occasion wherein I should have need of it. For I mean, with all my five senses, to keep myself from hurting any, or being hurt. Of being once again tossed in a blanket,¹ I say nothing; for such disgraces can hardly be prevented. And if they befall, there is no other remedy but patience, and to lift up the shoulders, keep in the breath, shut the eyes, and suffer one’s self to be borne where fortune and the blanket pleaseth.”

“Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, hearing him say so; “for thou never forgettest the injuries that are once done thee.

¹ For an account of these adventures read *The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight-Errant, Don Quixote of La Mancha*.

Know that it is the duty of noble and generous minds not to make any account of little things."

"Then," said Sancho, "let it pass for a jest. But, leaving this apart, what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed, that looks so like a grey ass? this beast which that barber whom you overthrew left behind? For I think the man is minded not to come back for him again, since he laid feet on the dust and made haste. But, by my beard, the grey beast is a good one!"

"I am not accustomed," quoth Don Quixote, "to ransack and spoil those whom I overcome. Nor is it the practice of chivalry to take their horses and let them go afoot; unless it befall the victor to lose in the conflict his own; for in such a case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as won in fair war. So, Sancho, leave that horse, or ass, or what else thou pleasest to call it; for when his owner sees us departed, he will return again for it."

"Truly," said Sancho, "the laws of knighthood are strait, since they extend not themselves to license the exchange of one ass for another. And I would know whether they permit at least to exchange the one harness for another?"

"In that I am not very sure," quoth Don Quixote; "and as a case of doubt (until I be better informed), I say that thou exchange them, if by chance thy need be extreme."

“So extreme,” quoth Sancho, “that if they were for mine own very person, I could not need them more.”

And presently, enabled by his master’s license, he made the change, and set forth his beast with the harness of the barber’s ass.

This being done, they broke their fast, and drank from a near-by stream. And, having by their repast cut away all melancholy, they followed on the way which Rozinante pleased to lead them, who was the depository of his master’s will, and also of the ass’s, who followed him always wheresoever he went, in good amity and company. Thus they returned to the highway, wherein they travelled at random, seeking new adventures.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS

Don Quixote went on his journey with joy, content, and gladness, imagining that for the late victory he was the most valiant knight of that age in the world. He made account that all adventures that should henceforward befall him would be brought to a happy and prosperous end. He cared not now for any enchantments or enchanters. He forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his chivalry had been given him, the stones cast that struck out half his teeth, the falls from his horse, and other misadventures.

While he thus rode with Sancho, altogether busied in these imaginations, one that came their way overtook them. He rode upon a flea-bitten mare, and was decked out in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, welted with tawny velvet. Coming near he saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, would have ridden on; but Don Quixote said to him:—

“Gallant, if you go our way, and your haste be not great, I should take it for a favour that we might ride together.”

“Truly, sir,” said he with the green coat, “I would gladly ride with you,” and he held in his reins, wondering at Don Quixote’s countenance and posture. For the knight was without his helmet, which Sancho was carrying in a cloak-bag at the pommel of Dapple’s pack-saddle. And if he in the green did much look at Don Quixote, Don Quixote did much more eye him, taking him to be a man of worth.

They continued on their way together, conversing much, Don Quixote telling of his adventures and knight-errantry. The gentleman greatly admired Don Quixote’s discourse, but Sancho, who was weary of it, went into a field to beg a little milk of some shepherds not far off, curing of their sheep.

Then Don Quixote, lifting up suddenly his eyes, saw that in the way toward them there

came a cart decked with flags of the king's colours; and, taking it to be some rare adventure, he called to Sancho for his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called on, left the shepherds; and spurred Dapple apace, and came to his master, to whom a rash and stupendous adventure happened.

It came about in this manner, — Sancho was buying curds from the shepherds, and when he was called by his master he knew not what to do with these same curds, or how to bestow them without losing them, for he had paid for them. So he bethought himself and clapped them into his master's helmet, and came quickly to him.

“Give me, friend, the helmet,” quoth Don Quixote, “for what I see yonder is an adventure which will force me to take arms.”

He of the green coat, hearing this, turned his eyes every way, and saw nothing but a cart that came toward them, and so he told Don Quixote. But the knight said, “I know by experience that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor in what shape they will set upon me.”

Then turning to Sancho he again demanded his helmet. Sancho, wanting leisure to take the curds out, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and not perceiving what was in it, clapped it suddenly upon his head. And, as the curds were squeezed and thrust together, the

whey began to run down Don Quixote's face and beard. At this he was in such a fright that he cried out to Sancho:—

“What ails me, Sancho? For methinks my skull is softened, or my brains melt, or that I sweat from top to toe. But if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for fear. I believe certainly that I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. Give me something, if thou hast it, to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blinds me.” Sancho was silent, and gave him a cloth, and thanked God that his master fell not into the business.

Then Don Quixote wiped his face, and took off his helmet to see what it was that, as he thought, did benumb his head. And, seeing those white splashes in his helmet, he put them to his nose, and, smelling them said:—

“By my mistress Dulcinea of Toboso's life, they are curds that thou hast brought me here, thou base traitor and unmannerly squire!”

To this Sancho very cunningly, and with a great deal of pause answered, “By my faith, sir, I have my enchanters too that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that filth there to stir you up to anger, and to make you bang my sides as you used to do. Well, I hope this time they have lost their labour; for I trust in my master's discretion, that he will consider that I have neither curds, nor milk, nor

any such thing. For, if I had, I had rather put them in my stomach than in the helmet."

"All this may be," said Don Quixote.

The gentleman observed all, and wondered, especially when Don Quixote, after he had wiped his head, face, and beard, clapped the helmet on again. Then he settled himself well in his stirrups, searched for his sword, grasped his lance, and cried out:—

"Now come what will, for here I am with a courage to meet Satan himself in person."

By this the cart with the flags drew near, in which there came no man but the carter with his mules, and another man upon the foremost mule. Don Quixote put himself forward and asked:—

"Whither go ye, my masters? what cart is this? what do you carry? and what colours be these?"

To this the carter answered, "The cart is mine, but inside are two fierce lions caged up, which are being sent to the King as a present."

"Are the lions big?" asked Don Quixote.

"So big," said the other man, "that there never came bigger out of Africa into Spain. And I am their keeper. I have carried others, but none so big. They are male and female; the male is in the first grate, the female in the hindmost. And now they are hungry, for they have not eaten to-day, and therefore I pray, sir, give us

way, for we must needs come quickly to a place where we may feed them."

To this quoth Don Quixote, smiling a little, "What are your lion whelps to me? I vow that he who sends them this way shall know whether I be one that am afraid of lions. Alight, honest fellow, and, if you be the keeper, open their cages, and let me your beasts forth; for I'll make 'em know, in the midst of this field, who Don Quixote is, in spite of those enchanterers that sent them."

"Fie! fie!" said the gentleman in green at this instant to himself, "our knight shows very well what he is; the curds have softened his skull and ripened his brains."

By this Sancho came to the gentleman and said, "For God's love, handle the matter so, sir, that my master meddle not with these lions; for if he do they will worry us all."

"Is your master so mad," asked the gentleman, "that you fear or believe he will fight with wild beasts?"

"He is not mad," said Sancho, "but hardy."

"I'll make him otherwise," said the gentleman; and, coming to Don Quixote, who was urging the keeper to open the cages, he said, "Sir knight, knights-errant ought to undertake adventures that may give a likelihood of ending well, and not such as are altogether desperate. For valour grounded upon rashness hath more madness than

fortitude. And more, these lions come not to assail you; they are a present to his Majesty, and therefore 't were not good to stay or hinder their journey."

"Pray get you gone, gentle sir," quoth Don Quixote, "and deal with your tame partridge and your murdering ferret, and leave every man to his function; this is mine, and I am sufficient to know whether these lions come against me or no." So, turning to the keeper, he cried, "By my beard! goodman slave, if you do not forthwith open the cage, I'll nail you with my lance to your cart."

The carter, who had until now remained silent, perceiving the resolution of that armed vision, said to him, "Signior mine, will you be pleased in charity to let me unyoke my mules, and to put myself and them in safety, before the lions are unsheathed? For if they should kill my mules I am undone all the days of my life, for I have no other living but this cart and my mules."

"O thou wretch of little faith!" quoth Don Quixote, "Alight, and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, but thou shalt see that thou mightest have saved thy labour."

The carter alighted, and unyoked hastily. And the keeper cried out aloud, "Bear witness, my masters all, that I am forced against my will to open the cages and let loose the lions, and that I

protest to this gentleman that all the harm and mischief that these beasts shall do light upon him; besides that he pay me my wages and due. Shift you, sirs, for yourselves, before I open the cage, for I am sure the lions will do *me* no hurt."

Again the gentleman in the green coat tried to persuade Don Quixote, but the knight said to him, "Sir, if you will not be a spectator of this which you think a tragedy, pray spur your flea-bitten horse, and put yourself in safety."

When Sancho heard this, with tears in his eyes, he besought his master to desist from that enterprise, in comparison with which that of the windmills was cakebread, as was that fearful one of the sheep, or as were all the other exploits that ever he had done in his life.

"Look ye, sir," continued Sancho, "here's no enchantment, nor any such thing; for I looked through the grates and chinks of the cages, and saw a claw of a true lion, by which claw I guess the lion is as big as a mountain."

"Thy fear, at least," said Don Quixote, "will make him as big as half the world. Get thee out of the way, Sancho, and leave me. But — if I die — thou knowest our agreement: repair to Dulcinea, and that's enough."

Then he of the green coat set spurs to his mare, and Sancho to his Dapple, and the carter to his mules, each of them striving to get as far from

the cart as they could, before the lions should be unloosed. As Sancho rode off, with what speed he might, he bewailed his master's loss, for he believed certainly that the lion would catch the knight in his paws. But for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of Dapple to make him get far enough from the cart.

The keeper, when he saw those that fled far enough off, began anew to urge Don Quixote to give up the mad enterprise. But the knight answered that the keeper should leave his urging, for all was needless, and that he should make haste.

Whilst the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote began to consider whether it were best to fight on foot or on horseback; and at last he determined it should be on foot, fearing that Rozinante would be afraid to look upon the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, cast by his lance, buckled his shield to him, and unsheathed his sword. Fair and softly, with a marvellous courage and valiant heart, he marched toward the cart, recommending himself first to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote in this posture, and that he must needs let loose the male lion on pain of the bold knight's indignation, set the first cage wide open. This lion was of an extraordinary bigness, fearful and ugly to see.

When the cage was open the first thing the lion did was to tumble up and down the cage, stretch one paw, and rouse himself; forthwith he yawned and gently sneezed. Then with his tongue, some two handfuls long, he licked the dust out of his eyes, and washed his face. This done he thrust his head out of the cage and looked round about him with his eyes like fire-coals, a sight and gesture able to make bravery itself afraid.

Don Quixote stood and beheld him, earnestly wishing that he would leap out of the cart that they might grapple, for he thought to slice the beast in pieces. But the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, neglecting such childishness and bravadoes, after he had looked round about him, turned his back and showed his tail to Don Quixote. Then he very quietly lay down again in the cage.

When Don Quixote saw this he commanded the keeper to give the lion two or three blows to make him come forth.

“No, not I,” quoth the keeper, “for if I urge him I shall be the first he will tear in pieces. I pray you, sir knight, be content with your day’s work, which is as much as could in valour be done, and tempt not a second hazard. The lion’s door was open; he might have come out if he would. You have well shown the stoutness of your courage; no brave combatant is tied to more

than to defy his enemy and to expect him in the field. And if his enemy come not the disgrace is his, and he that expected remains with the prize."

"True it is," answered Don Quixote. "Friend, shut the door, and give me a certificate, in the best form that you can, of what you have seen me do here: to wit, that you opened to the lion, I expected him, and he came not out. I expected him again, yet all would not do; he lay down. I could do no more. — Enchantments avaunt! God maintain right, and truth, and true chivalry! — Shut, as I bade you, whilst I make sign to them that are fled, that they may know this exploit from thy relation."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, putting his handkerchief on the point of his lance, began to call those that had fled, never so much as looking behind them, all in a troop. But Sancho saw the white cloth and said: —

"Hang me, if my master have not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls us."

All of them stood still, and knew it was Don Quixote that made the sign. So, lessening their fear, by little and little they drew near him, till they could plainly hear that he called them. At length they returned to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter: —

"Yoke your mules again, brother, and get you

on your way. — And, Sancho, give him two pistols in gold, for him and the lion-keeper, in recompense of their stay.”

“With a very good will,” said Sancho. “But what’s become of the lions? Are they alive or dead?”

Then the keeper fair and softly began to extoll as well as he could Don Quixote’s valour. He told how, at the sight of the knight, the lion, trembling, would not or durst not sally from the cage, although the door was open a pretty while. And he told how that because he had said to the knight that to provoke the lion was to tempt God, Don Quixote had suffered the door to be shut.

“What think you of this, Sancho?” quoth Don Quixote. “Can enchantment now prevail against true valour? — Well may enchanterers make me unfortunate; but ’tis impossible they should bereave me of my valour!”

Sancho made no reply, but bestowed the gold pistols. The carter yoked his mule, and the keeper took leave of Don Quixote, thanking him for his kindness, and promising him to relate his valorous exploit to the King himself when he came to court.

“Well, if his Majesty chance to ask who it was that did it,” quoth Don Quixote, “tell him ‘the Knight of the Lions,’ for henceforward I will that my name be exchanged, and turned from that I

had of 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance'; and in this I follow the ancient use of knights-errant that would change their names when they pleased or thought it convenient."

The cart went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and he in the green held on theirs. They rode thus for some time in pleasant conversation till the sun was low in the heavens. Then the gentleman said to Don Quixote: —

"Let us haste, sir, for the day grows on us; let us go to my village and house, where you shall ease yourself of your former labour. For, though you laboured not bodily, yet you laboured mentally, which doth often redound to the body's weariness."

"I thank you for your kind offer, signior," quoth Don Quixote; and, spurring on faster, about six of the clock they came to the village and to the house of the gentleman, whom Don Quixote styled 'the Knight of the Green Cassock.' Here they rested for several days until Don Quixote sallied forth to seek new adventures.

These other adventures and more ye shall find in *The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight-Errant Don Quixote of La Mancha*.

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THE END

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